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Saturday Review

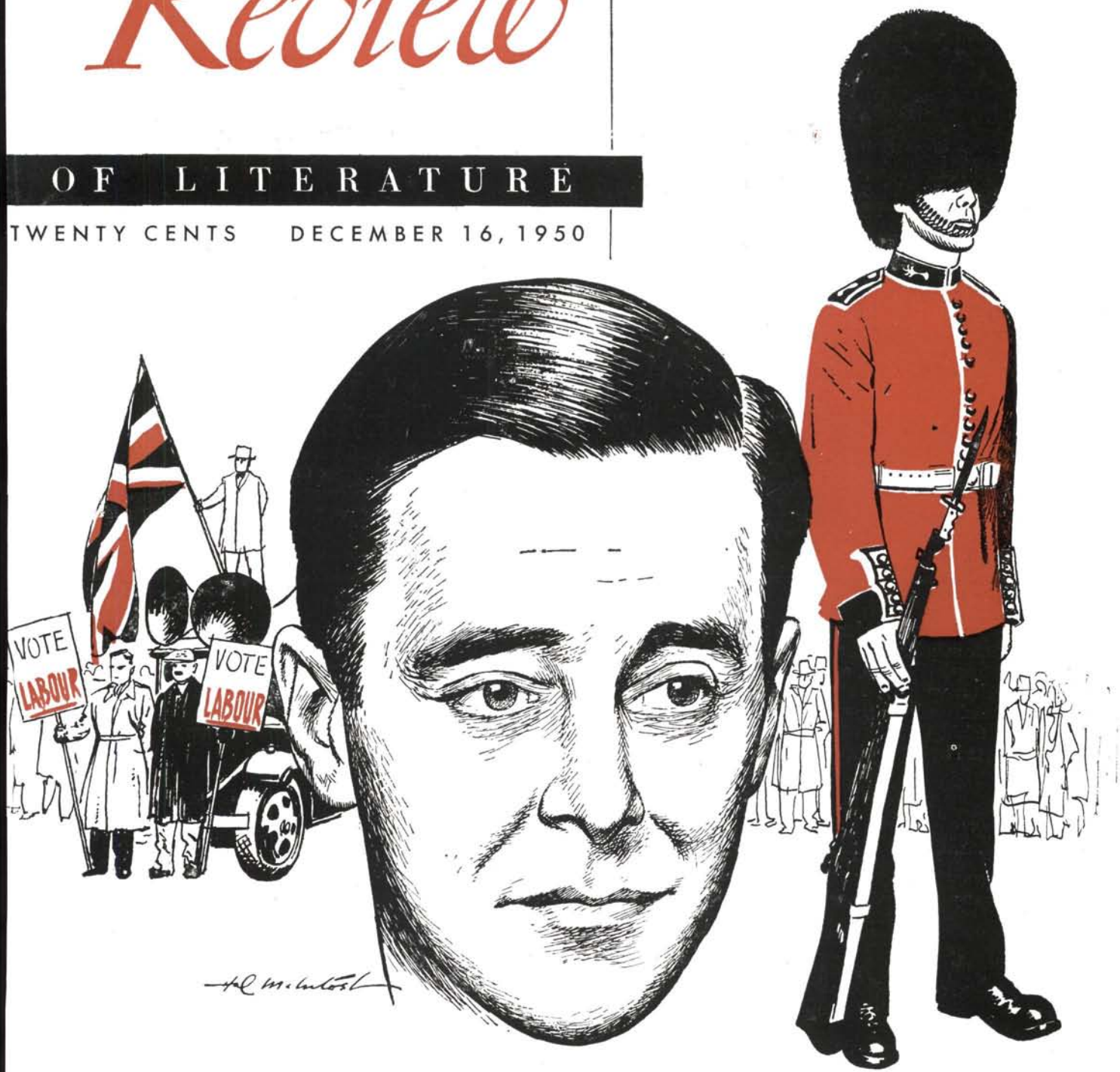
OF LITERATURE

TWENTY CENTS DECEMBER 16, 1950

THE LIVELY ARTS & SOCIETY

Seven Books on Radio, Films, TV

(See page 9)



Ernest Watkins, author of "The Cautious Revolution." (See page 7)

Intellectual Allergies

By VIRGINIA C. GILDERSLEEVE

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Long shrouded in secrecy, the startling Burrell Collection of Wagner letters is now revealed as the discovery of a generation. It sheds new light on Wagner's marriage to Minna, his music, his philosophy, and his relations with colleagues. All who love music, biography or literature will be fascinated by this fresh glimpse into the Wagner drama. $10.50

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The author of *The Madrone Tree* and *The Serpent's Egg* writes a high-powered novel combining vivid melodrama with action and ideas. Stephen Smith is an angry man who blames an abuse of power for the death of his wife, and takes a diabolical revenge on society. $3.00

Portrait of a Turkish Family

By IRFAN ORGA

The story of a lovable, humorous family, living in a colorful world which has vanished under the hand of war and change. "Now and then, but not often, a book comes along that gives the reader a small, delicious shudder, because it is so exquisite, so right. Irfan Orga's story of his family, before and after the rise of Kemal Ataturk, is such a book; replete with beauty and strangeness, amazingly gentle in its acceptance of destiny . . . a book to keep and to cherish."—LORINE PRUETT, *New York Herald Tribune* $4.00

AT ALL BOOKSTORES **THE MACMILLAN COMPANY**

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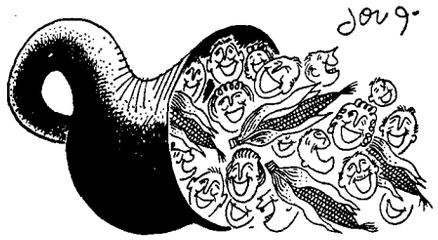
TRADE Winds

CORN—BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

THIS YEAR'S yuletide corn-ucopia of dim-wit and humor leads off with a story about my Uncle Herbert, who



loves to rough it in the Maine woods every summer, communing with nature in a simple outfit that set him back about three hundred bucks at Abercrombie and Fitch, which is probably why he hasn't come across yet with a birthday present due since May 25. In late August we were freezing gradually to death in an overnight cabin when I suggested that Uncle Herbert blaze a trail to the kitchen and light the stove. A couple of moments later he was back with his impeccable costume strangely tattered and torn. "I thought you were going to light the stove," I grumbled. "I did," maintained Uncle Herbert, "but it went out." I said impatiently, "Light it again." "I can't," mourned Uncle Herbert. "It went out through the roof."

AN ACIDULOUS SERGEANT at Fort Benning caught a recruit with a single button unfastened. "Oho," he said with fine scorn. "Sunbathing, eh?"... A cameraman brought his baby to the Universal studio and Edie Goetz stopped to admire it. "He's beautiful!" she exclaimed. "That's nothing," deprecated the cameraman. "You ought to see his picture." . . . A Beacon Hill youngster was showing her family album to some Boston friends from the wrong side of Commonwealth Avenue. "Isn't this one a scream?" she asked. "It's my Aunt Dorothy. Fattest lady who ever lived on Pinckney Street." The friend, duly impressed, said, "And who's that standing behind her?" The youngster said, "Don't be silly. That's still Aunt Dorothy."

AN OIL TYCOON from Houston took a fancy to a chorine from "Peep Show" and invited her to accompany him for a round of the hot spots. When they separated at dawn, he was exhausted but happy and showed his appreciation by handing her ten crisp new hundred-dollar bills. The young lady pocketed them gratefully and allowed, "It's a business to do pleasure with you." . . . George Heister writes about the rancher who couldn't keep his hands off his beautiful young wife. Finally had to fire every one of them. . . . A fakir in Cairo cried out, "I've discovered two sacks of nails." "Goody, goody," said an even bigger fakir nearby. "Let's have a pillow fight." . . . Groucho Marx tells of a man who drowned at a picnic, but tempered his widow's grief by leaving her a million dollars. A friend pointed out, "That's a lot of money for a fellow who couldn't even read or write." "Or swim," added the widow.

LILLIAN RUSSELL, when she was reigning star of the musical-comedy stage, was guest of honor at a banquet in London's Savoy Hotel. At her left was an honest-to-goodness Rhodesian chief, who soon gave every evidence of having succumbed to Miss Russell's charms. At the banquet's end he bowed almost to the floor and in the best, clipped, Oxfordian accent exclaimed, "Miss Russell, had Heaven only made you black and fat, you would be irresistible." . . . On its way to the Kentucky Derby a spirited horse neighed to his companion, "I'm mighty tired of

hearing how such and such a horse won a big race by a nose. If I find myself reaching the finish line first at Churchill Downs on Saturday, I'm going to turn around and *back across.*"

THE NEW MAID had been functioning, in a manner of speaking, for two weeks and since she had shown no response to instruction, threats, or cajolery, Mrs. Manges decided to try sarcasm on her. "Do you know, Maymie" she said, "that man was created from dust?" "Yes'm," said Maymie. "And that when people die they turn back into dust?" "Yes'm," said Maymie. "Well," said Mrs. Manges forcefully, "I looked under the parlor rug this morning, Maymie, and there's

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December 16, 1950

Cover Drawing by Hal McIntosh

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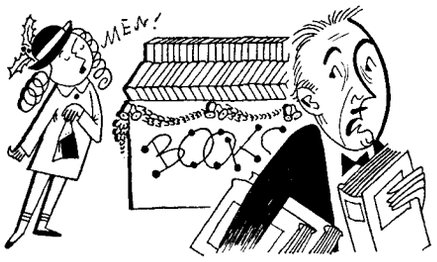
quite a crowd there either coming or going!" . . . A reporter from the London *Spectator,* loitering in a Lancashire town, saw a funeral procession file by, with a bag of golf clubs reposing atop the coffin in the hearse. To a native he observed, "By George, that man must have been a golf maniac." "Must have been?" repeated the native. "He *is.* He's got a big match on this very afternoon. That's his wife's funeral." . . . A fantastically henpecked husband finally did something entirely on his own initiative. He dropped dead. His nagging wife mourned his loss—and the fact that she had nobody left to badger. A visitor sympathized, "How you must miss dear Wilbur." "Yes," said the widow wistfully, "it seems but yesterday that he stood at that very door, holding it open until two flies got in."

A FEW DAYS after the recent election Bill Leonard, conductor of the popular daily CBS show "This Is Manhattan," sent an assistant down on Madison Avenue to buttonhole passers-by, thrust a portable microphone to their



lips, and ask, "What did you think of the returns?" Everything was going fine until he asked the question of one gentleman whom he grabbed from behind, without looking at his face. The gentleman was extremely courteous, but said into the mike, "Wouldn't people consider my views slightly prejudiced?" It was Governor Tom Dewey! . . . In a recent radio interview Gypsy Rose Lee, eminent authoress and barer of good tidings, recalled meeting a girl who was descended from a long line her mother once listened to. "I think of her whenever I go out with a wolf," added Gypsy. "On the way home I always suggest, 'Let's walk. I'm much too tired to ride in a taxi with you.'" . . . On the TV program "Who Said That?" Norman Thomas recalled a pungent quip of Bernard Shaw's that all the columnistic obits overlooked: "If it's true that the other planets are inhabited, then the earth must be their lunatic asylum."

A LITTLE GIRL was having a hard time in Wanamaker's selecting a book to be given her mother as a Christmas gift. "Does she like fiction?" asked the clerk. The little girl shook her head. "Biography? History? Books on art? Humor?" The little girl continued to register her disapproval. Finally the exasperated clerk demanded, "Well, what on earth *does* she like?" The little girl said, "Men."

—BENNETT CERF.

Praise for the new novel

"A good story."—LEWIS GANNETT, *N. Y. Herald Tribune*

"A fine mature book . . . very readable."
—*N. Y. Times Book Review*

"A good story; make no mistake about that. Mr. Preston has put not a little suspense and excitement into it, and the setting is unusually interesting."
—*Chicago Tribune*

"Its entertaining story and its superbly rendered background make it readable and interesting.
—ORVILLE PRESCOTT, *N. Y. Times*

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Chiaroscuro

By Nancy Hale

THE rose in light and shadow
Is all your eye can see;
Its lifespan in the meadow
A pink-black unity

The balance of the two
Precise as day and night.
The rose appears to you
Only as shade and light.

O shall you fear the bud
That hugs within its sheath?
Near all of it is hid
And dark, to you, is death:

Cry hurry to the flower
Half secret and half bright
Because it does not pour
Its light back into light?

You do not envy roses
Surrender into bloom
Knowing full life imposes
Its double, dying, soon.

Between the sun and flower
The mystic order grows:
Both light and shade in power
And neither one the rose.

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The San Francisco Conference, 1945—"behind words is meaning, and behind meaning is life." —*European.*

Intellectual Allergies

VIRGINIA C. GILDERSLEEVE

—*Pach Bros.*

. C. Gildersleeve

AT THE 1945 San Francisco Conference, the technical committees and various small groups spent, as you would expect, countless hours discussing the wording of sections of the United Nations Charter, trying to find exctly the right words to express leas on which we could apparenty agree. In the case of a paragraph oncerning regional arrangements here were, I believe, thirty-one ifferent versions before final agreeent. One evening when the five reat Powers had been debating durg a long session some of these verons, I found myself next to the oviet Ambassador in the little private levator which carried us down from Ir. Stettinius's penthouse. In a mood f some discouragement I said, "Well, Ir. Ambassador, words, words, ords!" And Mr. Gromyko replied, Yes, words, words, words. But behind words is meaning, and behind meaning is life."

I have thought about that a good deal. All our lives today are indeed profoundly affected by the use of words between nations. "Communications," as we learned during the war, are of vital and fundamental importance to the Army and the Navy. In a somewhat different sense "communications" are equally important in international relations. When representatives of different nations get together to agree on solutions of problems and on plans for the future they have to communicate mostly through words, and they have to try to find words which have a precise meaning and which have the same meaning for the various nations. This is extremely difficult. Unless we realize the difficulty more definitely and more generally than we do, and grapple with it, we shall continue to imperil the peace of the world.

I am not dealing here with the difficulty caused by difference of language. Of course, the use of five different languages at the San Francisco Conference caused exasperating delays and considerable difficulty of understanding. What I am alluding to here is something much more profound. The same words mean different things to different peoples because they arouse in their minds different ideas, different backgrounds of circumstance and tradition, and different emotions. And often we do not realize this; we think we are agreeing. But we are not and, later, trouble ensues. Words have been not a medium of understanding, but a barrier to understanding.

As this is a matter of very grave importance at the present time, I will illustrate the problem by some anecdotes from the San Francisco Conference.

The drafting subcommittee responsible for "Preamble, Purposes, and Principles" began one day to discuss the Principle which in the Dumbarton Oaks Proposals had read, "The Organization is based on the principle of the sovereign equality of all peace-loving states." As "peace-loving" seemed hard to define, the four sponsoring powers had proposed that the sentence be amended to read, "The Organization is based on the principle

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of the sovereign equality of all its members."

Up rose one of the Latin-Americans. "This phrase 'sovereign equality'," he said, "what does it mean? To us it *means nothing*. It has *no* legal significance."

"Sovereign equality," said the United Kingdom delegate, "means a great deal to *us*. It was in the Moscow Declaration that the phrase was used —'An international organization based on the principle of the sovereign equality of all peace-loving states.' This Declaration was issued at a dark moment of the war. It heartened and strengthened us. We have clung to it. It means a great deal to our people in Britain. I don't know whether this is true also of the people of the United States."

"Yes," said I, "I recall that ever since the Moscow Declaration all our great organizations working for a world order have picked up that phrase and used it as their goal. It has been a kind of rallying cry, a slogan for us."

"But," exclaimed a Latin-American in some natural irritation, "what does it *mean*?"

"Mean?" replied the United Kingdom. "Perhaps it doesn't mean anything to countries which played no part in the war; but to us who fought and died in the thick of it, it means a lot."

"A much better wording," protested a Latin-American, "would be 'juridical equality.'"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the United Kingdom and the United States simultaneously. "That wouldn't mean a thing to our people."

YOU see, a great many of the Latin-American delegates and the Belgian on this committee were international lawyers, and very distinguished ones. They had been trained and had lived in the great tradition of the Roman law. And they had the Latin desire for very clear and precise expression. Whereas the representatives of the English-speaking peoples, in this little example of mine, obviously did not care for precise legal meaning but were thinking rather of the emotional association of the words. And this differed greatly in different nations.

Well, we kept "sovereign equality" in the Charter, but through the meetings of the committee and even in the final commission meeting the Latins continued to protest Peru had offered an amendment incorporating the words "respect for the personality of the States." After prolonged debate in the committee it was agreed that the rapporteur's report should state officially that we interpreted "sovereign equality" to include these four ideas: that states are juridically equal; that each state enjoys the right inherent in full sovereignty; that the personality of the state is respected as well as its territorial integrity and political independence; that the state should, under international order, comply faithfully with its international duties and obligations.

When restating this interpretation the distinguished Belgian chairman of our commission remarked ironically, "I feel, ladies and gentlemen, that if we have succeeded in expressing these four concepts in two words, 'sovereign equality,' we have indeed broken the record for conciseness." Some of the opponents of the words agreed that perhaps some day they would have acquired a meaning.

But Peru remained unhappy because respect for the "personality" of a nation was not explicitly promised in the text of the Charter. At the meeting of the commission Ambassador Belaunde of Peru made a very interesting and moving declaration on the subject. The word "personality" in English—and he spoke in English—seemed to be obviously not the one to express the idea he had in mind. He realized the difficulty, for he said, "I deeply regret that some of our delegates have an allergy to the word 'personality.' You know there are biological allergies, and I may say there are also intellectual allergies." However, his idea was sound and we must try to find a word or words to express it to us. He said further:

> International order is based on the personality of the states as the juridical order is based on the personality of the man. States ought to be respected, not only because they are sovereign and have territory. The elements that ought to be respected in states are not only the political elements embodied in the physical state and the material element—that is the territory. The states are a living synthesis of moral values which assume other elements, and the elements of the state most worthy of respect are its cultural values, which are the essence of personality.
>
> Every country has a personality, and this personality ought to be respected. Because a country is a personality it is sovereign and has the right to juridical equality and has a right to territory. I may say, for instance, regarding the United States, that we ought to respect the United States not only because it is a political power and because it is a territory, but chiefly because the United States represents moral values. Every state represents moral values. If you ask me what are the moral values of the United States I will answer immediately—the love of freedom, the love of justice, the respect for private initiative, the proclivity for service and human love. These are characteristics of the personality of the States; and every country has a personality. Lincoln was fighting not only for the liberation of the slaves, but to preserve the personality of the nation that is called the United States. Personality means unity, permanency, and at the same time freedom within the law. It seems to me that all modern culture is based on the idea of personality.

As I have thought about it since, the "personality" of a nation has come to have a definite meaning to me. I am getting over my "allergy" to the expression. I know that many of the smaller nations today are in mortal fear that they will not be permitted to preserve their own "personality," their way of life, their own scale of values, the things they especially hold dear. They fear that they will be swallowed up in the alien "personality" of some one of the great powers. Let us try to realize this here in America. We do not want *our* personality obliterated; neither do they. Let us try to get clearly in our minds what lies behind Peru's use of this word.

There were some other good illustrations of the barrier of words in our discussions with the Latin peoples—such as "good faith," which the rest of us suddenly understood at the very end and helped put into the Charter. But I must turn to examples from our dealings with the Russians.

IT IS evidently very difficult to get anything down on paper in words which really mean the same thing to the Russians on one side and to the Americans and British on the other. You think the words mean the same thing, and it turns out in the long run that they do not.

Examples leap to mind from the

(*Continued on page* 31)

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The British Isles.

Is England headed for hell and the poorhouse in a Socialistic basket? Or will she succeed in pulling herself up by her bootstraps and ultimately regain a prosperity that may be enjoyed by a larger proportion of her people? In the past twelvemonth four book-writing Americans have surveyed the revolution that has been going on in Britain since 1945. Keith Hutchison in "The Decline and Fall of British Capitalism" [SRL *Apr. 8, 1950*], *Herbert and Nancie Matthews in "Assignment to Austerity" and Robert A. Brady in "Crisis in Britain"* [*Oct. 14, 1950*] *were all inclined to be gloomy. Now BBC commentator Ernest Watkins in "The Cautious Revolution" (reviewed below) offers an objective, yet moderately hopeful picture. . . . In spite of the great numbers of Irish-Americans, comparatively few books on the Irish people are published in this country. Ironically, Arland Ussher's thoughtful "The Face and Mind of Ireland" (reviewed on page 8) was written especially for English readers.*

In Experimental Mood

THE CAUTIOUS REVOLUTION. By Ernest Watkins. New York: Farrar, Straus & Co. 456 pp. $5.

By WILLIAM H. STEVENSON

DURING the past year at least four American journalists have published informative studies of the shifting British scene, reaching broadly similar conclusions from virtually identical data. Now an English journalist covers the well-trod field of the Labor Government from 1945 through the recent election, and in one respect he is more venturesome—or rash—than his predecessors. For, in addition to facts and figures, tables and charts, he offers a discussion of the personalities who make up the Government and the Opposition.

The bulk of Mr. Watkins's book is just what one would expect from a writer trained in the solid, objective school of the BBC. In conscientious, thoroughly documented, almost encyclopedic fashion he discusses such subjects as the program of the Labor Party and the effects of its operation on the people (including such fields as housing, rationing, health service, and social security), the press and business, and Britain's external relations with the Commonwealth, the United States, the Soviet Union, and Western Europe.

For Mr. Watkins's book as a reliable and thorough compendium of information I have only the greatest respect. But Mr. Watkins also discusses "people and ideas." About some of his judgments I have some reservations and dissenting opinions.

For example, he betrays considerable nervousness about the alleged inferior quality of the new generation of trade-union leaders. (Underrating posterity is a vice that ought to be confined to crabbed old age.) He notes with appreciation the alacrity of the leadership in joint consultative work with the employers, part of which he justly ascribes to the influence of American trade-union leaders. This trend is not new. After the humiliating defeat of the National Strike in 1926 there was a break with suicidal class-war theories. Friendly parleys began among some captains from both sides of the industrial barricades. During the war the new spirit became all-pervasive under the im-

THE AUTHOR: Ernest Watkins says his book was written entirely for American consumption—"the British know all the details of which I am writing and would justly have accused me of writing down to them"—for he felt that Americans should have an unbiased description of the "experiment's" first five years. Such concern for unknown neighbors across an ocean might seem unusual, but Ernest Watkins is accustomed to reaching across time and space: he is news commentator for BBC's overseas broadcasts and his name is practically a household word in Canada, for instance. However, he had his first sight of America only this autumn when he was guest of BOAC on a flight that included a side-dip to Nassau. He had looked forward to the trip and admitted to awe when he found he couldn't "walk around Manhattan in ten minutes." He hopes to come back here next year for a lecture series (perhaps spurred on by the fact that he demanded—and got—from an adoring hostess a gala dinner led off by a real U. S. turkey and ended with his favorite blueberry cream pie). He liked but was amused by his book's jacket, sporting the royal seal emblem: the use of the seal, had the book appeared thus in Britain, would have brought him a call from the King's Chancellor to "step inside"—only the royal family and their licensed purveyors being permitted to use the emblem "without risking gaol." Besides his BBC stints, he is a roving editor for the London *Economist*; a graduate of law at Liverpool University, he practised law in London until World War II. During the war his service was various, but all of it added to his long-time, interested concern for the Common Man. He feels strong approval for Socialist England's benefits to the C.M., but himself reserves the right to be an "individualist." He is not disturbed about Communism, incidentally . . . "as long as there is a two-party system in England." And since he sees no evidence of the system's collapse—"therefore no Communism." He extends that specific optimism to the U. S., and when he speaks such things in his pleasant-voiced, extremely pure English, casually but with obvious inner intensity, it is easy to believe him. —K. S.

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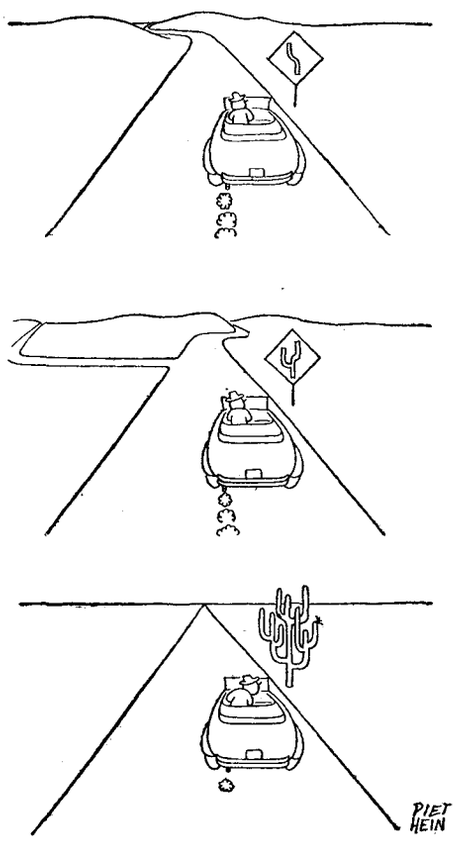
perative need for national unity. The current headache is how to steer between the Scylla of inadequate wages and the Charybdis of inflation. "Every trade-union leader," Mr. Watkins sympathetically notes, "must feel that . . . outright abandonment of all wage claims is a hard thing for him to explain away, just as defeat is for any general." No man can foretell the solution to this difficulty. Hard thinking is needed, and courageous action.

In Britain the greatest need, as in trade unionism the world over, is for leaders who are men and women of affairs and of study, not mere platform pugilists. Nor is Mr. Watkins optimistic about the slow march toward European Union. This is indeed a cautious revolution, but it manifests the spirit of almost all Britons. The reluctance of Sheffield to place its destinies under the control of Hitler's steel barons is not sheer insular cussedness. Pittsburgh might be more vehement if a similar lot seemed to be prescribed for it under the inchoate Schuman Plan.

Like all persons of good will on both sides of the Atlantic, our author deplores Anglo-American misunderstandings, however flimsy and ephemeral many of them are. He blames the movies. Hollywood may present an American way of life that never was on sea or land, but there are also peccant films of British life. Some of us have seen one such on Broadway depicting Welsh miners dining in baronial halls amid strains of celestial music. A higher layer of British opinion, Mr. Watkins avers, includes people who have been "most uneasy about the American loan. They felt that it would tend to weaken the Commonwealth and poison Anglo-American relations. About trade they feel, in a vague way, that the Americans are unfair; they are more ruthless and don't even apologize for it." The uneasiness is that of a debtor before a big creditor. Most Britons are deeply grateful for American aid. Some get a bit cross when well-meaning Anglophiles express sorrow for Britain's alleged decadence and imminent bankruptcy. Was it Mr. Pecksniff's or Mr. Chadband's final rebuke of Tom Pinch to threaten to pray for him?



Mr. Watkins essays character snapshots of the chief London dailies and weeklies. Scarcely anyone in Fleet Street would hesitate to break a friendly lance with him. My qualification for doing so is over forty years' knowledge of the highways and byways between Temple Bar and Ludgate Circus.

The *Daily Express* is a signally bright and lively newspaper. It could not be otherwise, controlled as it is by Max Beaverbrook, an amalgam of Puck and a shorter Catechist. But it is not supreme, as Mr. Watkins indicates that it is. The *Daily Mirror* excels in chirpiness, appraisal of reader-interest, variety of make-up, and other technical virtues. In reviewing the more high-brow weeklies Mr. Watkins omits the *Listener*, a three-penny anthology of the broadcasts of British radio, a regular oil-well of expert, impartial comment on current topics.

Mr. Watkins also takes a hand in the merry game of spotting future leaders of Britain. He places Mr. Figgins, the railmen's secretary, on a pinnacle as high as that of St. Simeon Stylites. A bad shot, it seems to me. Nor is he much nearer the target when he discerns in Frank Byers, former Liberal Whip, a man of destiny. No British Liberal, however able, can attain eminence while his lilliputian party remains disunited. For over three decades the Liberals have been like Caesar's Gaul, divided into three parts: those who support a Government, those who oppose, those who do not vote either way. He is similarly wide of the mark when he predicts that the junior Minister, Colonel Rees-Williams, now hidden under a purple pall as Lord Ogmore, will attain high rank in the councils of Labor. But these are minor, very minor, defects in a book distinguished by wide research and sober reasoning.

William H. Stevenson was formerly editor of the London Daily Herald. *For a time he served as press adviser to the Labor peers in the House of Lords.*

The Refusing Irish

THE FACE AND MIND OF IRELAND. By Arland Ussher. New York: Devin-Adair Co. 191 *pp.* $2.75.

By Padraic Colum

"THE CONTINUALLY shifting viewpoint, which may seem bewildering to those who expect the writer to take up a definitely controversial position"—it is this that Arland Ussher takes in this book, sometimes showing the Irish as they would like to see themselves, sometimes as the harshest of their critics would like to have them appear. While still young as a philosopher he has been able to observe the transit of Ireland from a country where influential people looked on the bulk of the population as "natives" to one that exchanges ambassadors with Great Britain and the United States. As the struggle that led to this sovereignty was motivated by imaginative conceptions and its results were consolidated with unprecedented tolerance, a philosopher who was present was bound to study the humanity involved. The result is "The Face and Mind of Ireland."

Arland Ussher has been able to see the Irish people on more levels than anyone else amongst them: as his name shows, he is of English descent, but he belongs to one of those families who legitimized the possession of Irish estates by marrying into the family of the expropriated. Brought up a Protestant, he is a student of Catholic philosophy. A member of the land-owning class who separated themselves from the tradition of the country, he made himself a speaker and writer of Irish—and this although he is no language revivalist.

Isolating the distinctive national character, what does he find? A people who are naturally Christian, who have a deep-seated sense of religious values, whose mysticism in the face of the materialistic commitments of other peoples makes them ironic, who believe in original sin and have no belief in progress. That, to Arland Ussher, is their admirable side—they refuse to join the racket that has spread terror and desolation through Europe—the racket being the unlimited exploitation of the material. On the other side is "that introverted fear of life, which is the key to so much that is good and so much that is not so good in our national character." Also, "Ireland that has missed every great historical experience, has missed this one and perhaps we may be thankful — the dreadful twentieth-century experience of the

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Abyss." The Irish are a people of refusals, their philosopher finds; their sin is not passion but pedantry.

In the normal man of other nations, Arland Ussher tells us, materiality and immateriality

> are reconciled and moderated by sexual love, in which the "object" becomes a little less objectionable, the "subject" a little more subjective and detached. This solution the Irish refuse—or would like to refuse; not, I think, so much from moral prejudice as for a taste for taking ideas in almost chemical purity—like a taste for mathematics or a taste for whiskey. They refuse the Great Compromise, the Supreme Derogation, of passion.

Irish literary expression from the Cuchulainn epic to Joyce's "Ulysses" reflects this rather inhuman nature—something between fantasy and farcicality—"a sort of surrealistic extravaganza which has no precise parallel elsewhere." And so he antedates the Jansenism in Irish Catholicism as a cause of the frigidity in Irish life: they were like that in pagan times, he contends; a people always individualistic, always antimaterialistic, always a little detached from life and therefore without the tragic stories of the Germans or the tragic ballads of the Scots.

But how true is all this? Are the Irish frigid, detached, repressed by their very nature? But one should not ask about an estimate of a people, "Is it true?" but, "Is it illuminating?" And "The Face and Mind of Ireland," written by a man who has power of observation, much knowledge, and a critical intelligence, is very illuminating. Moreover, it is written persuasively and wittily.

On the soil of Ireland, Arland Ussher maintains, two traditions meet: the Christian, from which the English have departed, and the empiricism in politics, which finds its highest expression in the British Commonwealth and which the Irish overlook. It is time these traditions got to know and respect each other, he says, and it is in the hope of bringing about a better acquaintanceship that he has written "The Face and Mind of Ireland." But as it is written for English readers there is more about Irish history and politics in it than American readers can be expected to have patience for. From the second part on it is a brilliant and entertaining interpretation of national character.

Padraic Colum is the author of more than a score of volumes of stories and verse about Ireland, including "King of Ireland's Son," "The Island of the Mighty," and "The Road Round Ireland." He also edited "The Anthology of Irish Verse."

Films, Radio, & TV.

When Gilbert Seldes wrote a book called "The Seven Lively Arts" back in 1924 he gave us a useful phrase and a fecund approach to the arts whose appeal is nearest universal. The film was kingpin at the time, and still is, although its hegomony is being seriously challenged. The problems currently perplexing movie-makers are thoughtfully discussed in six of the books reviewed here, most notably Mr. Seldes's latest volume, "The Great Audience," Dore Schary's "Case History of a Movie," Hortense Powdermaker's "Hollywood: The Dream Factory," and Jean Cocteau's "Diary of a Film." Radio, which threatened the films' supremacy, and television, which is now menacing both, are treated in the Seldes book and in Charles A. Siepmann's "Radio, Television, and Society." . . . Deems Taylor's "Pictorial History of the Movies," which is reviewed below, is an album suitable for Christmas giving.

Tom Mix Rides Again

A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE MOVIES. By Deems Taylor. New York: Simon & Schuster. 376 *pp.* $3.95.

By Arthur L. Mayer

CONFRONT the mildest mannered reader with an anthology and he is immediately intent upon establishing his superior erudition and esthetic appreciation. Few movie fans will resist the temptation of detecting sins of omission and commission in this new and enlarged edition of "A Pictorial History of the Movies." Even fewer will fail to find deep enjoyment in its rejuvenation of glamorous lads and lassies, from the Keystone Cops of 1912 to "All the King's Men" of 1949; and its re-creation of memorable moments in the cinema, from Renée Adorée's clinging farewell to John Gilbert in "The Big Parade" of World War I to the indomitable return of the bedraggled platoon in "Battleground" of World War II. Who cares that "The Great Train Robbery" was not "the first motion picture to tell a story" or that "The Hasty Heart" was made in England, not the United States or for a score of other trivial but unnecessary errors, if Tom Mix rides again, Pearl White coasts down the mill-race, and Mabel Norman is chained to the railroad tracks? Topography, reproduction, space arrangement may be uninspired, but not Valentino in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" or Garbo in "Flesh and the Devil."

Mr. Taylor asserts correctly in his introduction that motion pictures are an art as well as an industry. Unfortunately the visual material available to his researchers is the offspring of a zeal for business, not beauty. Under the bludgeonings of distribution departments movie-makers grudingly spare time for the production of stills, but they regard them as a necessary evil rather than as a gesture towards immortality. Exhibitors who use them for sucker bait in their lobbies and for fanfare in the local papers insist on the minimum of photographic art and the maximum of cheese-cake and corn. Created under such handicaps American "stills" rarely have any claim for preservation other than as souvenirs of bright hours in dark auditoriums. Gathered in an album they offer none of the magic of masters of the camera like Stieglitz or Steichen, but rather the bitter-sweet nostalgia of a collection of old theatre programs. Granting, however, the difficulties of selecting 750 stills from the thousands available, some of the omissions are perplexing. Surely it would have been wiser to eliminate scenes from such insignificant films as "Thy Name Is Woman" and "The Cohens and the Kellys in Hollywood" to make room for stills of "Scarface" and "The Maltese Falcon," those two unforgetta-

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ble epics of crime, and "A Man to Remember" and "Make Way for Tomorrow," probably the two outstanding B-pictures of the last decade.

Fault will also be found by the captious with the captions. In an unnecessary effort to make his book entertaining Mr. Taylor dusts off many ancient gags which fail to weather the ravages of time as successfully as the old pictures. Few readers will be edified by chitchat that the title of "The Admirable Crichton" was changed to "Male and Female" to prevent patrons from thinking they were going to see a Navy picture; or that when a director made a flop, it was reported "Now he's one of the biggest men in the industry. He has just cost his company a million dollars."

Mr. Taylor pays a feeble obeisance to the accomplishments of European movie-makers by including stills from "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," "Open City," and "The Bicycle Thief," but no volume can accurately claim to be "A Pictorial History of the Movies" which neglects such productions as "Potemkin," "Mayerling," "The Passion of Joan of Arc," "The Last Laugh." Similarly in the documentary field Mr. Taylor opens a crack in his cinematic door with two inadequate references to the great master Robert Flaherty, a still each of "Grass" and "The Quiet One," but slams it in the face of "The River," "The Plow That Broke the Plains," as well as the rest of the American and foreign documentary masterpieces.

Arthur L. Mayer is executive vice president of the Council of Motion Picture Organizations, an industrywide trade organization.

A Poet and a Camera

DIARY OF A FILM. By Jean Cocteau. Translated from the French by Ronald Duncan. New York: Roy Publishers. 179 *pp.* $3.50.

By Richard Griffith

"THE actual, the unadorned," says Truman Capote in his latest book, "have for me small interest." They have none at all for Jean Cocteau, the poet of the marvelous. For him all art is a conjuring trick, and it was in the spirit of the conjuror that he approached the task of filming a great childhood fantasy in a way he thought children would like. The work exhausted him, but he says, "It was necessary for a poet to try to tell a story through the medium of the camera. It had to be done once." The results of his travail were the French film "Beauty and the Beast" and this day-to-day record of its making.

The diary, though portentous, is a very accurate account of the strange, exhilarating, and punishing experience of film-making. "Beauty and the Beast" was filmed just after the Liberation, before life in France returned, if it has returned, to normal. Frequent stoppages of electric power caused halts in production which must have driven the backers insane. The filming was done on three locations each more difficult than the last: a farmhouse in Touraine, an old chateau near Paris, and the damp, freezing, ill-equipped studio at Joinville. Jean Marais, the leading man, acquired a boil on the inside of his thigh just when the schedule required him to ride horseback. Throughout production Cocteau himself suffered from various ailments. The arc lights reddened his eyes. The studio dust brought on bronchitis. Somehow he struggled on, somehow the film got finished or, as he says, finished itself.

He early learned the rigors of the role in which he had cast himself:

> Packed up this afternoon ready to go to Senlis. Smoke machines, red powder, magnesium torches, and a thousand mechanical bits and pieces none of which I dare forget. Everybody who works on a film knows the awful and implacable responsibility which settles on a director and forces him to hide his own doubts and weaknesses. The slightest sign of indecision demoralizes his unit . . . It's all a matter of patience. But one must wait. Wait for the car that's supposed to be coming to fetch you. Wait till the lights are fixed. Wait till the camera's r e a d y. Wait whilst branches are being nailed to their supports. Wait till it's developed. Wait till the projection room's free. Then just wait a bit longer whilst the projectionist changes the lamps which had just fused . . . Everything conspires against this film.

But the compensations he finds are, for an individualist, unexpected ones: "I must stop and thank my unit from the bottom of my heart. They're all so helpful and friendly. It's the same with the lowest stage-hand. . . . In short, the unit is an extension of myself. At last I have realized the dream of not being just one person but many."

"Beauty and the Beast" has now been widely seen in the United States, and there are various opinions about it. Cocteau himself believes that "making a film is just the same as writing, only in pictures. And I try to get the atmosphere which will bring out the feeling in the film rather than correspond to the facts." The difficulty with this approach is that in adopting it Cocteau worked against the spirit of the medium. In films feeling arises out of facts; the camera loves facts, accidents, trivia—"the actual, the unadorned". When contrivance is put before it, it tends to report not the effect aimed at, but just contrivance. Thus the Beast comes through in this film as exactly what he was, a rather ludicrous masked figure got up to frighten very small children.

Cocteau makes no effort to belittle any of the sufferings he underwent to finish the film. His acquaintance with the film world has evidently not yet taught him what everyone in it knows, that it takes a great deal of devoted hard work to make even a bad film.

—From "A Pictorial History of the Movies."

Laurence Olivier and Renee Asherson in "Henry V"—"an art as well as an industry."

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Inanity—SRO

RADIO, TELEVISION, AND SOCIETY. By Charles A. Siepmann. New York: Oxford University Press. 410 *pp.* $4.75.

By Robert Lewis Shayon

DURING the Dark Ages, scholarly monks in monasteries—so speak the historians—kept alive the wisdom of Aristotle, Socrates, Lucretius; when the Renaissance came, they were able to hand up the illuminated heritage to a world that had use for it. Today, a serious critic of broadcasting like Charles A. Siepmann is much in the same position as the patient men of the Middle Ages. The SRO sign is hung out on the major television networks for sponsors seeking time; and the Korean war has unbecoffined the surprisingly hearty radio. It's four years since the FCC's last courageous but ineffective broadside was fired at the industry, and since then, in a hot buyer's market with a fierce, costly jockeying for first position in TV, there's been little mood and less stomach around the chains and agencies for prattle about "public service." Now then, in the very thickest of a taut, nerve-wracking, competitive situation, comes Mr. Siepmann's urbane and successful attempt to "describe the facts about radio and television and to combine those facts with a consideration of the social and psychological effects of broadcasting."

Upon men in the seats of power in the business of broadcasting Mr. Siepmann's book will have zero effect. But perhaps, as in the Dark Ages when the new world lay quietly gestating around the walls of the medieval sanctuaries, perhaps there's a "public interest" tomorrow coming to be beyond the ivy of the Oxford University Press. If such be the case, Mr. Siepmann has rendered a significant service to all those who have their eyes on that distant horizon. His book is a first-rate, authoritative survey of radio in the American scene—the most comprehensive yet to be published. Designed for use as a text, with appendices and suggested classroom projects, it should become the No. 1 sourcebook on the subject.

Some of the chapters are definitive, others are frankly editorial, and the book is sprinkled with provocative quotations and questions. The job of assembling and organizing the information is impressive, and although the prose is occasionally a little heavy-going it is always eloquent.

Three basic propositions seem to run like main highways through the book's rather sprawling design. They are convictions distilled from the author's long and expert career in the field of mass communications. The first is that the crisis of our time is but the intensification of the age-old struggle between authoritarian and democratic philosophies of freedom for the minds of men. The second is that the chief weapon used in this struggle is propaganda — organized persuasion which can be either good or evil. The third is that the mass media in the United States, particularly radio (with television likely to follow the same pattern), could be but definitely are not effective fighters in the battle of ideas.

The regrettable tale of what broadcasting could be but is not—and why—is sadly rather than accusingly documented. Mr. Siepmann has been over this unhappy ground before, and he calls no one any names. In fact, he's much gentler with licensees, advertisers, the FCC, and even the poor listeners than he's ever been. The author is professor of education and chairman of the Department of Communications in Education at New York University, and director of its film library. He is a naturalized American citizen, born in England, where for twelve years he served with the British Broadcasting Corporation. As a man associated, in the minds along the more frenetic fringes of the radio industry, with that "socialistic British radio"—he even takes the BBC graciously to task for being a bit too culturally elite.

On the whole Mr. Siepmann's long view is dim. Our pervasive mass communications rapidly approach total eclipse of quality and the sovereignty of ignorance and mediocrity. For those who choose to take it there is comfort in "a more sanguine and balanced view that we are passing through an intermediate phase of cultural development, in which outward manifestations of inanity and vulgarity are admittedly everywhere, but which, because they are so omnipresent, tend to obscure the more unobtrusive and gradual adherence of many people to higher standards."

To the heart of the matter goes the following: "The only way . . . is for the private citizen and organized enterprises of all sorts to subordinate themselves in the conduct of their business to an ever more sensitive and generous concern with, and conception of, the public interest."

One wonders what the boys along Radio Row will make of that.

Census of Shadows

THE GREAT AUDIENCE. By Gilbert Seldes. New York: The Viking Press. 299 *pp.* $3.75.

HOLLYWOOD: THE DREAM FACTORY. By Hortense Powdermaker. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 342 *pp.* $3.50.

CASE HISTORY OF A MOVIE. By Dore Schary. New York: Random House. 242 *pp.* $3.

HOLLYWOOD LOOKS AT ITS AUDIENCE. By Leo A. Handel. Urbana: University of Illinois Press. 240 *pp.* $3.50.

By Hollis Alpert

THESE FOUR books provide the opportunity for a practically definitive assessment of Hollywood's current problems and practices. Two are by authors who have little or no connection with the film industry, one by an important production executive, and the other by the head of an organization employed by film companies for research on audience problems. The reports thus come from without and within, and one might accordingly expect a basic area of disagreement on what is wrong and right with Hollywood.

I have been surprised to find that the disagreements are few, that viewpoints and judgments tend to coincide more often than not, and that all four authors have a remarkable and unintended way of complementing and supplementing each other. The four books should make it altogether clear that the largest and most potent of our entertainment industries is anything but complacent, has some very genuine causes for worry, and that we as members of its audience have a role to play that goes quite a bit beyond shoving our money underneath the box-office window.

If I would have to select one of the four as required reading I would have no hesitation in giving the nod to "The Great Audience," by Gilbert Seldes, who twenty-five years ago looked approvingly at Hollywood in "The Seven Lively Arts."

It needs immediate stating that Mr. Seldes's book does not deal with Hollywood alone, although space considerations preclude discussing his valuable sections on television and radio. This journal has already published a selection ["Life on the Tinsel Standard," *SRL* Oct. 28], which contains a forceful message for the kind of "intellectual" who, because he stands aloof from popular forms of

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entertainment, believes himself to be immune from their effects. I think it can be said that Mr. Seldes is most deeply concerned with the threat that the popular arts pose to a democratic system. He is by no means alone in believing that these voices and images and shadows have an all-pervasive, even insidious, influence on our habits and thinking. No one is immune, and therefore everyone should be concerned.

A number of the current movie releases may be evidence that Hollywood is already off on a new tack. It has been a notable fall season, with at least half the films bearing the mark of maturity and excellence of that Mr. Seldes asks for and defines:

> There is no need to abandon the tempo of the film—only to vary it in harmony with the character of any given picture. There is no need to abandon the star system—only to use stars intelligently, so that they are integrated into stories, not outside them. There is no need to abandon plot—only to develop plot out of character instead of distorting character to fit stereotyped plots. . . .

None of the books deals at much length with the greatest of Hollywood's bugaboos: television. Its effect on Hollywood's audience, though, is already noticeable. But what emerges from Mr. Seldes's study is the fact that with or without television the audience for movies has been steadily diminishing. "The motion picture . . . has degenerated into telling myths for children." Its formularized product, he feels, bears little or no relation to the lives of the older age groups in the population, and the result is that they stay away from movie theatres. "The real paying audience is made up of younger people. . . . After they reach the age of twenty or so, people go less and less often to the movies. . . . After thirty the audience begins to vanish from the movie houses."

We learn from Mr. Seldes a surprising misconception on the part of top men in the movie industry. It seems they are mistaken in assuming they make pictures for a mass majority audience. What they are essentially catering to is a minority, a sizable one to be sure, but an audience small in comparison to the potential one, which would include a great many mature people now literally boycotting the Hollywood product. There is a surprisingly underprivileged audience, made up of the intelligent (far more than Hollywood realizes) and the mature, which is not being served by what through its own admission is a service industry. Since people have a quite natural way of growing older

(*Continued on page 26*)

Fiction. *Is man master of his own destiny or merely a puppet of circumstance? Writers, reflecting the thinking of their own times, were inclined to subscribe to the former thesis in the last century, to the latter in the twentieth. Among the few who have used both premises is the popular novelist C. S. Forester. His indomitable Horatio Hornblower is straight out of the nineteenth century; the World War I lieutenant of his latest novel, "Randall and the River of Time" (reviewed below), is only putty in the hands of fate. So are the protagonists of such other recent novels as Christopher Clark's "Good Is for Angels" (page 14) and Marc Brandel's "The Choice" (page 37). . . . The recent award of a Nobel Prize to William Faulkner adds interest to "Chooky" (page 13), a warmly human story about Mississippi boys written by his talented brother John.*

Young Man Without Water Wings

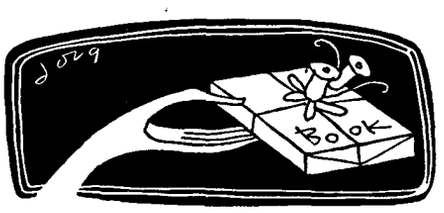
RANDALL AND THE RIVER OF TIME. By C. S. Forester. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 341 pp. $3.

By WALTER HAVIGHURST

THE EVENTS of the twentieth century are larger than those of the past, but in fiction the men of our time seem smaller. Especially in war. Machines are manned by "personnel"; perhaps the anonymous word is significant. Certainly in C. S. Forester's new novel, which follows the fortunes of a young English infantry officer in the First World War, there is not much resemblance to his Hornblower tales. Captain Hornblower was a man who did things; Lieutenant Randall is a man to whom things happen.

The time is 1917 and the place is a front line trench in a forward salient near Ypres. Young Randall lay sleeping, with the sound nerves of youth. Even when awake he gave little thought to the immense flow of events that was bearing him along like an invisible river. He got up and stepped out into the rain, the duckboards sloshing under his feet. He had a watch to stand, and then a furlough home.

London was unreal to him. While he rode home to South London on the bus a woman spoke to him. Randall responded in boyish innocence, and with no knowledge that his future was being shaped as he stopped at her house for tea. When he went on to his family he found there a friend of his father's, who engaged him in casual conversation about the battle flare used over the trenches. Two things had begun to happen to young Randall during his first hours of leave.



Before his leave was over he was an inventor who had supplied an idea for improving the Phillips flare; and he was agitated by the thought, the face, the touch of Muriel Speake. On his next leave he received a handsome payment for his "invention" and was maneuvered into marriage. The river was bearing him along.

When the war ended Randall took up civilian life as a student of science, being occasionally puzzled at his married state. One day he found his wife compromised by Captain Massey. When he pushed Massey out of a window to his death Randall was caught in the current of the law. Finally, acquitted, he heads for a new start in America.

It is a clear, direct, well-managed story, showing a young man's dilemma in the modern world. It is also a little slick. Mr. Forester is in charge; his skill and readiness are quite equal to all the changing overtones and tensions of Randall's experience in peace and war. If the characters were larger he might not manage so well. Horatio Hornblower sometimes seemed not to fit into his story but to carry it along with him.

"The surprising thing was not that the soldiers were different creatures from their fathers," this novel tells us, "but that they were so little different." A more surprising thing is that young Randall, carried by the river of time, is so very different from Mr. Forester's nineteenth-century hero.

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Penrod, 1950 Model

CHOOKY. By John Faulkner. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 250 pp. $3.

By Herschel Brickell

THIS is the story of the adventures and misadventures, mostly the latter, of an eleven-year-old boy on a Southern plantation. It has somewhat the look of a juvenile, but it was adults who delighted most in tales of the immortal Penrod, and Chooky is more like the Tarkington creation than any other character in recent fiction.

John Faulkner is William's brother and the author of two novels of some talent, "Men Working" and "Dollar Cotton." Whether he began writing because of William's influence—he started long before his brother had been recognized as one of the most important of all our novelists—or whether both Faulkners are simply following in the footsteps of their grandfather who wrote "The White Rose of Memphis," a classic of the old South, is anybody's guess.

It has been rumored that the father of William and John often wondered aloud why William did not inherit some of his grandfather's distinguished talent. John does not write like either of his famous relatives, and certainly nobody in the Faulkner family has done anything like "Chooky."

Old admirers of William's work know that he has a striking gift of humor, not even yet fully appreciated, and also that he has been unusually successful with a number of youthful characters. But he has never written what anyone could call a funny book about a character of any age, and it is a funny book that John has produced, a book intended to amuse and successful in its accomplishment.

The author says in his dedication that Chooky is drawn from life, being a composite of his own two boys, one of whom bears the nickname that gives the book its title. It is a safe guess that the indulgent and long-suffering parents of the irrepressible Chooky are also drawn from life. They are as patient a pair as may be found in the abundant literature of boyhood and have nothing in common with the sterner parents of an older generation, who, uncorrupted by modern theories, knew when and how to use a paddle.

Mr. Faulkner's Chooky is a bright youngster, whose head is always well-filled with schemes and whose capacities for mischief are without limit. The schemes range historically all the way from the reconstruction of a gunboat patterned after the ironclad *Merrimac* and carrying Chooky's father's $150 shotgun as offensive equipment, to the building of a model P-80 on the dining-room table—which made Chooky's mother, after surveying the damage, wish she could move to Mars.

Chooky's companions in everything are two small colored boys, Herman and Bubber, who are reminiscent of Penrod's two playmates, Herman and Verman. Bubber, as the youngest of the trio, gets the worst of practically everything in which they are involved, but the ties that bind the three are much too close for any serious rebellion on his part—anything, that is, beyond a threat to take himself home, which he does not mean.

—*From "Chooky."*

Aside from the human characters, old and young, including the much-abused father of Herman and Bubber who has to suffer in silence for the devilment Chooky leads his sons into, the story has its full complement of animals—horses, dogs, two wonderful goats, chickens, and a Poland China boar.

Chooky's one venture into romance finds him with the seat of his pants seriously damaged by a nail in the school bus. But what was that to his discovery of Sally, the prettiest and most popular girl in school, dissolved in tears because she had lost her home-work in arithmetic? Swept off his feet by a woman's tears he defends her even at the risk of losing his dignity completely. The upshot of the incident is a remarkable poem to Sally, a clear triumph over his rival Double-dip, and a quick forgetting of the whole business.

The quality of the writing in the book does not come up to its humor and the success of its characterizations, but Chooky's affectionately done action-portrait is good enough to add considerably to the Faulkner laurels.

Tea for Yule

TEN DAYS OF CHRISTMAS. By G. B. Stern. New York: The Macmillan Co. 266 pp. $3.50.

By Anne Fremantle

HENRY James once remarked of the Belgians that they were a bunchy people. You never, he said, seemed to meet them singly, but always in clusters like grapes. So also are G. B. Stern's characters bunchy. She is, as it were, a literary matriarch, spawning her characters in glomerating litters.

"Ten Days of Christmas" takes place wholly within the cousinage of a typical Sternly ramified family. The Anthony Maitlands have asked Clare Barnett, fifteen and raised in America although "shabby genteel" and properly British at heart, to Brambleford for Christmas 1946. It was the first time since the war that there was to be a gathering and already, in anticipation, the children were speaking of "Our Even More Glorious Christmas."

Clare, good-looking if you liked red hair, had conveniently on arrival forgotten who was who, so Mrs. Stern's first chapter is a sort of new Debrett geared as a guide to the professional classes. The fact that Doe (Dorothy Hart) was twice married, first to Orlo Hilliard and after his death to William Maitland, is stated rather than shown. Indeed, throughout the book everything is stated to everybody by everybody. Nothing, absolutely nothing, no psychological quirk, no sentiment however remote or controlled, is left to the imagination; everything is always expressed by the omniscient Mrs. Stern. E. M. Forster wrote in his classic "Aspects of the Novel" that what we enjoy in fiction is that we can, and do, know all about the characters whereas in life we see so darkly. Mrs. Stern's characters are chameleons viewed under microscopes by video studio lights.

Uncle Ted, the hugely successful actor, not only saves the Nativity play when all is lost and all the actors and the producer have stomped off in high dudgeon, but is the *deus ex machina* of all the personal situations. Only he is pure in heart, all others being variously tainted by hypocrisy or selfishness; and all live out well-rounded lives while only Uncle Ted dies.

It is a well-constructed story. Mrs. Stern is a veteran novelist, and it is like watching a telephone switchboard under perfect control to see her manipulating her characters. Her technique is nifty: never do her people moon around; never do they steal each

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other's emotions or red-herring each other's psychological trails; never do they try to steal the show.

In chapter one after the genealogy has been taken care of, Rosalind, the seventeen-year-old daughter of defunct Orlo and hostess Doe, leaves the schoolroom and joins the grown-ups. Clare, Lal, Erica, Roddy, and Terry, ranging from ten to sixteen, remain in that limbo where Nanny still can order them to vacate the bathroom after ten minutes yet where they may breakfast and lunch with the grown-ups. Still in chapter one, they plan their Christmas play: not one of them has any "formal religion" yet they choose a Nativity play and propose to play it in the church, bribing the Vicar by one attendance at evensong and the promise of a silver collection. How the children quarrel like grown-ups and the grown-ups squabble like children is the substance of the book, whose moral seems to be that only the stupid can survive.

Mrs. Stern writes of a strange world, where explanation is necessary if a girl fetches her brother from school ("as they could not get a nurse"), where the grown-ups "mind desperately about not getting presents," and where the servants sacrifice their tea-coupons to give their employers tea for Christmas and "hope they will excuse the liberty" thus taken.

There is much good insight into this tightly knit group and there is real movement inside the people, who grow as well as act. But every detail is blared as though through a megaphone at a college football game and, indeed, Mrs. Stern does protest too much. For if she had not told us so much about her characters but had held her peace and let them live, perhaps we might know even more about them.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 391

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 391 will be found in the next issue.

GPORYAH RG F

SFWNPKGY TNPGY

TFLWYEG FLY ANY

PBBRORFMG FEW

CPMROY.

.....FKDKGA GALREWXYLD

Answer to Crypt No. 390

Proverbs are the sanctuary of the intuitions.

R. EMERSON

Fiction Notes

GOOD IS FOR ANGELS, by Christopher Clark. Harper. $2.75. Elizabeth Litke was not a difficult woman to know. Mrs. Musica met her one day in Chicago Chapel Hill Cemetery and though they were strangers she soon learned about Mrs. Litke's family and how Mr. Litke ran off one day with a loose woman. Eight years later when Mike Litke fell off a wall and broke his back Mrs. Litke forgave him and brought him home for burial. "Now, long after it was over and past, and Mike lay dead and buried, she knew it had been the blunder of her life to drive her husband out of the house. She knew he'd been a good man, for all his faults, a good provider for her family. Only weak that was all. . . . Mrs. Musica fingered the cross on her rosary to hide her laughter. . . . Mrs. Litke was touched in the head, Mrs. Musica thought, and felt better for thinking it. With Mrs. Musica, good was for angels up in heaven. Angels were lovely and good. They were also dead."

With Mr. Litke gone, Mrs. Litke lived with her daughter Margery, her third son, Alan, and Ella, a distant cousin who boarded with them. A coarse and blowzy creature, Ella was a thorn in everybody's side, everybody except Mrs. Litke. When her children pleaded that she "pick a sensible stranger" to live with them, Mrs. Litke casually changed the subject.

While Ella was preparing for marriage and Johnny was courting Margery and Mrs. Litke went on being Mrs. Litke, Ella's nineteen-year-old son, Billy, walked into the house one day with the nonchalance of a typhoon, flashing a king-size bankroll. What happened later between Billy and Joe Flynn was something the Litkes talked about for a long time.

"Good Is for Angels" is a powerful story about people who found that life was a difficult thing to understand and happiness a rare and elusive thing to capture. Yet, regardless of the misfortunes it heaped upon them, each continued along, doing the best he could with everyday events and accepting the rest as an inevitable quantity outside his ken. Readers who enjoyed James T. Farrell at his best will enjoy Christopher Clark's latest novel. —JOSEPH M. GRANT.

THE TROUBLE WITH HARRY, by J. Trevor Story. Macmillan. $2. The trouble with Harry, besides being dead, was that so many people were burying him so many times and digging him up again for so many reasons, none of them tinged with regret or even with respect. Captain Wiles, a man of the world who "all his life had thought of a woman as a woman, a house as a house, and a garden as a home for cabbages," encountered Harry first.

Miss Gravely, Sam, Jenifer, and the little boy called Abie, together with others as much alive as the troublesome Harry was dead, were all engaged in their various absorbing activities on the Sparrowswick Bungalow estate, where "nothing was happening, the way it happened every afternoon when the people who came home to lunch had gone back and the tradesmen had finished calling. It was an active, participative kind of nothing," the sort of Nothing Shakespeare might have liked to make an ado about. The woods in which Harry's corpse frequently comes to light are very much like a wacky forest of Arden.

Captain Wiles "felt glad he had killed Harry if it brought such joy and happiness and beauty to this young woman." It did. It also brought puzzlement to Miss Wiggs, romance to Sam, and strange fulfilment to Miss Gravely, a spinster.

Mr. Story is an Englishman. Those who dislike English humor, who have-no - time - for - frivolity - in - times - like - these, should leave the book alone. It isn't finger size for those who prefer guffaws to chuckles. Harry is dead and buried beyond all digging up, for the literal-minded, the bored, the boring, the serious-minded. This isn't a great book or a particularly slanted this or that; it is just amusing, for a short, too short, half hour. The real trouble with Harry, after all, is not that he is dead, or that he took an unconscionable time dying; it is that the chronicle of his burials is only 121 pages—one night's alka seltzer after one day's Malik.

—EVELYN EATON.

IN FOR A PENNY, by Oliver Anderson. Morrow. $2.75. Basil Chancery, an ardent and sensitive young Londoner with a quasi-Barrymore profile, is disappointed in love. He resolves to chuck the grimy city and its sordid throngs for the pure, fragrant reaches of some secluded pastoral region inhabited by noblemen-close-to-the-soil. Advertising for a job in a quiet rural

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setting, he receives a tantalizing reply from The Rectory, Podder Inferior.

The author of the reply turns out to be the Reverend Stephen Pocket, scholar and epicure, who needs Basil's help on his insupportable problems. The latter, unexpectedly enough, are neither ecclesiastical, doctrinal, or parochial. The Rector of Podder Inferior has original ways of dealing with original sin and its Elmshire consequences. Decades ago he expelled the choir, sacked the organist, and got rid of the "uncouth hinds" who made up his congregation. It is over twenty years since he preached a sermon. The problems on which he needs help are the parish "parasites," and it is Basil's job to dispose of them. Even for the resourceful Basil this is a large order, the parasites being the Reverend's rakish son and three disquieting daughters.

Discovery that in this Brontëlike household the son paints and the daughters write gives Basil an idea for a literary hoax of global scope. Broadcasters, publishers, and movie tycoons throw themselves zestfully into the cultural *Walpurgisnacht*. So does Blowden Burgess, Minister of Cultural Co-ordination and Artistic Alignment, a statesman distinguished for his dockside speech rhythms and rowdy amours. Fired by the profit motive, the simple rustics of Podder Inferior cooperate shrewdly. Basil disposes of the Rector's problems in spectacular style.

As master of pagan revels Oliver Anderson takes Pan for a merry hayride. It will be a pity if his Swinburnean idiom proves too elegant for American devotees of homespun ribaldry. Elmshire semantics being what they are, the double-entendres come pretty thick and fast for the mere unwary Yankee. And I wonder if that burlesque of mysticism doesn't push literate naughtiness a bit too far.

—Ann F. Wolfe.

ELLA GUNNING, by Mary Deasy. Little, Brown. $3. This is another career-versus-marriage novel, though more honest and better written than many in that crowded category. The career might have been anything, of course, so far as the usual conflicts between ambition and love are concerned. But Mary Deasy, who holds a degree from a music conservatory, has wisely chosen a field whose special problems she quite obviously understands. Ella Gunning, her heroine, is a budding Melba, whose painful but persistent climb to success encounters two obstacles: the loss of her voice and marriage. Patience and rest overcome the first. The second takes some doing, particularly since her husband, Max Tallan, happens to be a musician and composer and also possesses "the ruthless, tender egotism of the artist who can never separate himself from his gift." The resultant clash is inevitable.

Ella's courageous ascent from office clerk to scholarship student at a Midwestern music school to church singer and lead in local operas is described with realism and sympathy. The petty jealousies and conflicts she encounters at the institute and the staff members who further her career are thoroughly believable. But somehow Ella herself does not seem to have the intelligence or temperament to be the great soprano she is purported to be, and it is equally difficult to accept Max Tallan as a composer capable of turning out a symphony played by the New York Philharmonic. They are both rather lifeless people. But perhaps this is the fault of an uninspired theme.

—Ray Pierre.

TIN SWORD, by Malcolm Stuart Boylan. Little, Brown. $3. This is a funny, rowdy, and thoroughly unpredictable novel; it sounds as if it had been written all in one breath, and it probably should be read in the same way. One would like to suppose that Malcolm Stuart Boylan was influenced in writing this fast, heavily gagged story by his many years of experience as a Hollywood writer and producer. Certainly his book is long on the humor of situation and short on anything resembling plot or characterization.

Joshua Doty is the novel's hero, if so inadequate a word can be applied to him. He is first shown us at the age of thirteen in Battle Creek, Michigan, some years before the First World War. Joshua prepares himself for the Army by leaving school and studying military science at the public library. He is suddenly called away to join his fascinating and eccentric mother, a wandering journalist, in Bermuda, where he embarks on the extraordinary history with which this book is concerned.

Joshua's life for the next few years is a series of fantastic adventures. He is taken to New York on a British battleship; he plumbs the depths of Westport, Connecticut; he settles in the family mansion at Battle Creek and begins a newspaper career. Presently he meets and loves the beautiful Equinna, star equestrienne of Van Brink's Greater Shows, and Minnie von Clausewitz, the alleged great-great-granddaughter of Joshua's idol. Eventually, he and his mother are reunited in Chicago, where our hero (still in his teens) becomes star reporter of the *Morning Courier* and major in the 170th Militia Regiment (formerly the Hibernian Rifles). After being returned abruptly to civilian life, he flirts briefly with the Trappists, is drafted into the Army, and experiences the most meteoric rise known to American military history.

To call "Tin Sword" a picaresque novel would be to attribute to it a precision and clarity of organization that it can scarcely claim. Events succeed one another in this preposterous tale with complete abandon; Joshua, who is all of thirteen at the outset, occasionally grows rapidly and unaccountably and just as often suffers the suspended animation of a character in a comic strip. The most lifelike characters in the book, such as the ineffable Major General Jugbottom Muldoon, seem to have been written with Mack Swain or Chester Conklin in mind.

—Milton Crane.

THE GRAND SOPHY, by Georgette Heyer. Putnam's. $3. Sophy is a delectable heroine. She was brought up like a boy by her widowed father, in the midst of Wellington's Peninsular Army, where she was taught to ride, drive a spirited team, and shoot a pistol. She was at Brussels during Waterloo. And she arrives like a gay landslide into the conventional London household of her Aunt Lizzie, where everything is at sixes and sevens and everyone is in love with or engaged to the wrong person. Sophy begins at once to put everything to rights. She is not one to mind a good rousing scene and takes particular joy in baiting her domineering Cousin Charles, who, of course, is destined to be humanized by the treatment. She "borrows" his precious horses and drives them through London traffic and in the Park as well as he can. She purchases her own perch-phaeton and pair and threatens to drive four-in-hand, which no female should contemplate at all. In the end she nearly precipitates pistol duels and fisticuffs between sober men who hitherto had been the best of friends. And there are quite

(*Continued on page* 37)

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Humor. *There is now available on the market "something which leaves you lighter in spirit, a little less harassed, and a little more eager to face the difficult problems of the day." A new medicine? No. A new religion? No. A new brand of psychiatry? No. Merely our old friend Humor, as introduced by Louis Untermeyer and Ralph E. Shikes in their excellent anthology, "The Best Humor of 1949-1950," reviewed on page 18. Although tastes in humor vary, among the recent books noted here is at least one to hoist any person's sagging spirits. The late Will Cuppy is represented by the finest book he ever wrote, "The Decline and Fall of Practically Everybody." "The Swiss Family Perelman" is a peg below last year's "Westward, Ha!" but still very good Perelman. Russell Lynes's "Snobs" is more than humor; it is incisive social comment.*

Through History with Will Cuppy

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF PRACTICALLY EVERYBODY. By Will Cuppy. New York: Henry Holt Co. 230 pp. $3.

By LIONEL OLAY

WILL CUPPY, who died in 1949, left behind a mass of unfinished mss. comprised of notes, fragments, missives, and text that represented the labors of sixteen years. It was to be his masterwork, and we are indebted to his good friend Fred Feldkamp for a thoughtful job of assembling and editing the mass into "The Decline and Fall of Practically Everybody." It is without question the best thing Cuppy ever wrote.

Will Cuppy is not everyone's favorite humorist. (*You* can say Will is not my Cuppy tea, but he wouldn't have liked it.) His style of humor is unique and, like the taste of an avocado, a little hard to describe. For one thing, he was a man of immense and staggering, scholarship; but, more important, his erudition is part of the warp and woof of his humor. (Unlike, say, Perelman's, whose odd bits of knowledge always come as an extra dividend, happily thrown in at no extra charge.)

A trip through history with Will Cuppy will not only keep you in stitches, but you will learn something too. He was probably the most diligent fact excavator since Gibbon; what he didn't know about a subject, once he had decided to spoof it, wasn't worth knowing. Consequently we learn in the chapter on Alexander the Great the following: "At twelve he tamed Bucephalus, his favorite horse. In the same year he playfully pushed Nectanebo, a visiting astronomer, into a deep pit and broke his neck while he was lecturing on the stars. It has never been entirely proved that Alexander shoved the old man. The fact remains that they were standing by the pit and all of a sudden Nectanebo wasn't there any more."

And then again, after carefully documenting the rape, carnage, and looting of this egomaniac across the entire known world, Cuppy dutifully records the fact that Alexander *did*, after all, introduce eggplant to Europe, and sums up: "Just what this distressing young man thought he was doing, and why, I really can't say. I doubt if he could have clarified the subject to any appreciable extent. He had a habit of knitting his brows. And no wonder."

His chapter on Hannibal, with the running gag about the elephants, is very funny and the one on Nero, as the all-time louse of history, is a gem. Did you know that Nero couldn't have fiddled while Rome burned? (Fiddles weren't invented yet.) He sang and played the lyre. "Nero's voice was thin and weak," says Mr. Cuppy. "Had it possessed more volume it would have been worse." In addition to murdering his mother, Agrippina, several of his wives, and practically everyone else who got in his way, he finally cut his own throat on June 9, A.D. 68. "Oh well, we're none of us perfect," says Will.

The book has drawings by William Steig which are just right; and in addition to Hannibal, Alexander, and Nero you'll learn all about Madame DuBarry, Cheops, Lady Godiva, Peter the Great, and lots, lots more.

Regardless of how often the laughs come—and they'll come in different places and with varying frequency for different people—you'll never get as painless and pleasurable a history lesson as you'll get in "The Decline and Fall of Practically Everybody."

—Illustrations from the book.

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—From "The Swiss Family Perelman."

Global Carpetbagging en Famille

THE SWISS FAMILY PERELMAN. By S. J. Perelman. New York: Simon & Schuster. 212 *pp.* $2.95.

By Lee Rogow

MAGELLAN was a Portuguese stick-in-the-mud, Drake a dull commercial traveler, Phileas Fogg was nothing but a *schlepper* compared with the prince of circumnavigators, S. J. Perelman. In "Westward, Ha!" Perelman carpetbagged around the globe in the company of Hirschfeld, who may very well be one of the great pen-and-ink sketchers of our time. In "Swiss Family Perelman" the writer tests the absolute endurance limits of the human frame—he takes the whole family along.

The Perelman menage and menagerie may be inventoried as follows: One wife, age indeterminate; hair, dark; lip, curling; instinct, acquisitive, especially in the neighborhood of souvenir shops. One son, age twelve, apparently prematurely wise in such matters as the odds against making a four the hard way. One daughter, age ten, complete with cello. One mynah bird capable of profanity in most of the Far Eastern languages.

Ted Patrick, the *Holiday* editor who first published these memoirs in his magazine, gave the travelers a basket of glazed fruit, and they set out to see the world. The results fit comfortably into two hundred and twelve pages of gingervated, activated, homogenized Perelman prose.

I must say that the Master's English, which he himself appears to have invented, is one of the diadems of our tribal *sprach*. The sheer cubic volume of his vocabulary would impress such distinguished word-droppers as Rebecca West. His stock of pungent slang, his feeling for literary parody, his choice of the least probable word all make his style as tantalizing and attractive as the showcase at Barney Greengrass's delicatessen.

Furthermore, there is a brain purring away in the Perelman think-tank. In the process of marrying Baedeker to Webster's Unabridged, Perelman manages to slip in some pertinent observations on such subjects as the nineteenth-century thinking of the Dutch in Indonesia and the eighteenth-century thinking of some British mossbacks at a crumbling resort.

I found the second Perelman *wanderjahr* in the champ's best keep-it-crisp tradition. Of course, the problem of any funnyman writing about presumably real events is that much of his humor must be based on discomfort, misfortune, helplessness, and such other staples of the prevalent comic stereotype—the not-able-to-cope civilized man. After a few thousand miles the complaints against the food, the accommodations, and the natives begin to seem rather bad tempered. This is a bit of a false note, since the whole family obviously had one heck of a time. But this is something that goes with the binding on a Perelman travel book, and it only occasionally glues up the fun.

Anytime S. J. wants to go around the world again I'll gladly follow him. Especially if he can arrange to have those wonderful drawings of Hirschfeld inserted in the text.

Even as You and I

SNOBS. By Russell Lynes. New York: Harper & Bros. 54 *pp.* $1.

By Henry C. Wolfe

SOME anti-social wit has remarked that everyone must have someone to look down on. This, the fourth of man's basic needs, has remained practically unchanged in the century or so since Thackeray's "Book of Snobs" fluttered the literary dovecotes. Judging from Russell Lynes's latest study of mankind, push-button progress has done little more than restratify snobbery and modernize its accidentals. From this historic process has evolved the Out-of-Doors Snob, who broils his steak in a Westchester backyard, the One World Snob (not to be confused with the World Is My Home Snob), and the Efficiency Snob, who answers the telephone by barking his surname into the receiver.

Mr. Lynes, an editor of *Harper's* magazine, is the obvious authority on contemporary snobbery and its rarefied variants. It was he who last year sorted his fellow men into Highbrows, Middlebrows, and Lowbrows. Now, adjusting an inescapable eye to a new focus on human foibles, he has come up with the conversation piece of the year, "a guidebook to your friends, your enemies, your colleagues, and yourself."

You will be wise to take your cue from Mr. Lynes's last pronoun. For a few pages you can afford complacency as you see your neighbors' condescensions shown up and scientifically labeled—perhaps even anatomized—in Robert Osborn's incisive line drawings. But as early as page four you begin to feel less comfortable. "Since scarcely anyone is so secure," the author warns, "that his ego does not sometimes need a certain amount of external manipulation, there is scarcely anyone who isn't a snob of some sort." You may see more than a little of yourself in the Herb Snob (at heart a *Fresh* Herb Snob), the Regional Snob, the Popularity Snob, or the Great Out-of-Doors Snob (not to be confused with the aforementioned Out-of-Doors Snob). The Not to Be Confused Withs, by the way, are an unofficial but impressive category in themselves.

"Almost every kind of snobbism has its opposite: the Moral Snob contrasts with the Sensual Snob; the Manual Dexterity Snob with the All Thumbs Snob; the Efficiency Snob with the Inefficiency Snob, and so on." There is no getting away from this business, you see, for the worst snob of all is the Reverse Snob or Anti-Snob Snob. Nor can you take refuge in the

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martyrdom of tolerance. The Tolerance Snob is no more endurable than the Religious Snob, or for that matter, the Amoral Snob who is "likely to indulge in 'sharp' suits, yellow convertibles, and an extravagant show of devotion to 'Mom'."

And how does an expert on snobs fit into his own mass portrait of snobbery? Thackeray, you may recall, subtitled his volume—"By One of Themselves." Mr. Lynes approaches his subject with similar frankness and humility. "I am sure," he concludes, "there is no greater snob than the snob who thinks he can define a snob."

—From "How to Be Deliriously Happy."

Humor Notes

HOW TO BE DELIRIOUSLY HAPPY, by Ira Wallach. Henry Schuman. $2.50. In the wake of such panaceas as "The Art of Real Happiness," "Peace of Mind," and the how-to series Ira Wallach has come up with an aspirin of his own. Employing wit and gags, abetted by the zany line cuts of George Price, he has lambasted the problems bedeviling our society, to judge by the rate the "bootstrap philosophy" books are snatched up. As Mr. Wallach puts it: "There's a succor born every minute."

The gamut of problems, from inferiority through anxiety to sex, is dissected in the light of what Mr. Wallach calls the Foible Gompkin method, as developed at his Temple of Joy. Through the application of such revolutionary prescriptions as "zist—the best qualities of zip and zest" and "zhloomph—a technique of relaxation," any down-and-outer can be deflected toward a fuller, richer, fatter, and juicier life. The clinical details are set forth under such titles as "Are Your Inadequacies Adequate?," "Solvency No Barrier to Happiness," "The Indigestible You," "It Takes Two to Make a Couple."

This book has its moments of wit all right. A number of chapters represent good satire of their serious counterparts. Charging his Gompkin method full of psychiatric jargon, Mr. Wallach can, for example, define poverty as "nothing but an inverted form of personal aggression or, to put it another way, poverty is financial masochism." Yet the book is not without its lulls. Mr. Wallach can't resist repeating a gag disguised in a new word or two, with the result that his pace is decidedly uneven. Midway in the book you suspect that you're reading a section for a second time. On the whole, though, Mr. Wallach has succeeded at the very least in crashing the ranks of such humorists as Max Schulman.

LAUGHTER IS LEGAL, by Francis Leo Golden. Frederick Fell. $2.95. Here is a book that is designed to prove that the legal profession isn't as cut and dried as a client would think. It is the contention of Francis Leo Golden that "the profession of law and the art of politics have long been overlooked for their great contributions to *Humor Americana*." To set matters straight, Mr. Golden has recorded perhaps all the jokes, gags, and puns ever heard in a courtroom, found in the record, and swapped among judges and lawyers.

The author has spread his humor over twenty chapters, setting the pace with such titles as Ambulance Chases Lawyer, Don't Make a Will—It's a Dead Give-Away, Here Comes the Bribe, and Torts and Retorts. There are jokes about everyone—judge, lawyer, witness, juryman, policeman criminal, politician—and they fly thick and fast. In reporting oddities set against the backdrop of the courtroom Mr. Golden tells, for example, the case of the resident of Los Angeles who received one dollar from the estate of his wife, "for the purpose of buying bullets for his gun, and with the suggestion that he shoot himself." Once the smoke has cleared—so far as the book is concerned—you are left with the feeling that a barrister's humor, after all, is much the same as anyone else's. Still, the book definitely would be much more appreciated by a lawyer than by his clients.

THE BEST HUMOR OF 1949-1950, edited by Louis Untermeyer and Ralph E. Shikes. Holt. $3. To have judged by the newspaper headlines the year 1949-1950 was grim and dry, full of East-West tension and perhaps little else. With this anthology, though, Louis Untermeyer and Ralph E. Shikes set out to prove otherwise and, forty-nine authors later, make their point, with the poker-faced year doubled up

(*Continued on page* 32)

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

STRANGE PREDICAMENTS

Fannie Gross, of Asheville, N.C., submits a quiz concerning literary characters who found themselves in fantastic fixes. Can you name the character and the story in each case? Allowing five points for each correct answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 36.

1. The weather was cold enough for snow when this deluded housemaid became ill with all the symptoms of sunstroke and prickly heat.
2. He was the first of a long line of accursed baronets who had to commit at least one crime every day in order to stay alive.
3. During uncertain intervals this old salt was tormented with a mental agony which could be relieved only by his relating to a persuaded listener a horrible experience he had endured.
4. Upon returning home after spending nearly four years with horses, he found that he could not stand the odor of his wife and children.
5. In the garb of a professional beggar he was arrested for his own murder.
6. Because he tampered with the occult he was compelled to live with two wives, one of whom was a playfully destructive ghost.
7. Although this artist knew that he would die at midnight if he remained in the home of a tombstone carver he lacked the will to leave.
8. Due to a strange social system in her country this young lady was obligated to pretend that she was an inveterate dipsomaniac rather than admit she was very ill.
9. This girl, who had always posed as a boy so that she could inherit a title, was accused of being the father of her cousin's baby and became so involved that even the author of the story refused to get her out of the difficulty and washed his hands of the whole thing.
10. By means of a sound beating, this faggot maker was inveigled into impersonating a doctor.

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Tolstoy: A Peculiar Blend

A Classic Revalued—XIII

JANKO LAVRIN

NOVEMBER 21 marked the fortieth anniversary of Tolstoy's death, which occurred during his dramatic flight from home at the age of eighty-two. In spite of the publicity and sensationalism inflicted upon Tolstoy even during the last hours of his life the world yet realized, and in all sincerity, that his passing away meant not only the loss of a giant of literature (perhaps the greatest since Goethe), but also a moral force whose voice resounded at times like the voice of mankind's conscience itself. Quite apart from Tolstoy's personality, around which there had grown a kind of myth while he was still alive, it was largely the peculiar blend of artistic and ethical elements in his work that was responsible for his world-wide reputation. But "blend" is not, perhaps, the word. For it was more like a continuous struggle, the character and the magnitude of which actually conditioned Tolstoy's work as a whole, although it never led to a satisfactory solution.

The truth is that however much one admires Tolstoy the artist, especially his uncanny observation wedded to a no less uncanny analysis of psychological "imponderables," one is all the time aware of a secret contest between two opponents in his own personality. One of them is the full-blooded irrational Tolstoy who loved life—loved it impetuously and passionately—even outside and apart from any meaning of life. The other is the restless moralizing seeker who was unwilling or even unable to accept life without first having found its meaning.

It is taken for granted that a sudden change from one to the other took place in Tolstoy some time about 1880, as recorded in his poignant "Confession." Yet the irrational lover of life and the seeker for a rational meaning of life were strangely intertwined in him from the very outset. There were times when the two seemed to be almost on good terms; but they collided again and again, until their partnership became one prolonged crisis. Even in his early writings such as "Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth," "The Cossacks," and "Family Happiness" (to mention only a few) the germs of such a crisis are more than evident. The inner tension caused by them cropped up again in "War and Peace," while in "Anna Karenina" it came to a head—clearly foreshadowing his subsequent "conversion" not as a sudden happening, but as the climax of a long and painful process. It was at this point that Tolstoy's moral awareness took the lead even at the risk of repressing those powerful life instincts in him to which he owed the intensity of his art. The fact that in spite of this he still remained a great writer is the measure of his genius. Yet if one goes a little deeper one may perhaps discover that source which the two Tolstoys had in common.

One should not forget that, in contrast to the modern *déracinés* in art and literature, Tolstoy was one of the truly rooted individuals. As a landowner of the old patriarchal type he preserved all his organic bonds not only with his manor and the idyllic countryside around but also with the utterly primitive peasantry belonging to it. His early perceptions of life, formed against such a background, were bound to leave an indelible stamp on his consciousness, and even on his conscience. Hence the gusto as well as the childlike spontaneity with which he reveled in all the aspects of nature and of human existence. Hence also the urge which made him look for a moral justification of that existence in the idealized "natural man," in Rousseauism and, later, in his interpretation of the Gospels—an interpretation primitive to the extent of making him reject everything redolent of culture and civilization.

Long before he finally rationalized this urge he had contrasted the civilized man with the "natural" one in "The Cossacks," where the Caucasian girl Marianka spurns the love of an aristocrat from the capital and finds a primitive Cossack youth more real and therefore worthier of her love. In "War and Peace" the illiterate peasant Platon Karatayev, with his placidity and his instinctive wisdom, is proclaimed to be a greater man than the vain maker of history, Napoleon himself. Or take "Anna Karenina," the very structure of which is based on the contrast between town and country, that is, between "civilization" and "nature." Yet even the country squire Levin (Tolstoy's alter ego) was, in spite of his simple tastes, still much too civilized to attain to inner peace and happiness through his own efforts. He had to be "saved" by an illiterate peasant in whose version of the Christian truth he found the craved-for meaning of life. No wonder Tolstoy delighted in debunking our civilized ways as something false, artificial, and therefore essentially evil. His rejection of the State, of any man-made laws and institutions, indeed of history itself, was only a logical conclusion derived from such a one-sided and dogmatic premise.

Yet his equal aversion to anything

(*Continued on page* 39)

Art is a human activity having for its purpose the transmission to others of the highest and best feelings to which men have risen. —"WHAT IS ART?"

In Print

MEASURED by the yardstick of books in print Tolstoy is still an author widely read in America. His major works, in the translation of Leo Wiener, are published by L. C. Page in a twenty-eight-volume set ($2.50 each, $70 complete). A collection of "The Short Novels of Tolstoy" appear under the Dial imprint ($4). Individual works are too numerous to list in detail. The following are some highlights:

"ANNA KARENINA" — Modern Library (65c, $1.25, $2.45).
"CHILDHOOD, BOYHOOD, AND YOUTH"—Oxford World's Classics ($1.10).
"A CONFESSION"—Oxford W. C. ($1.10), includes also "THE GOSPEL IN BRIEF" and "WHAT I BELIEVE."
"THE COSSACKS"—Pantheon ($1.25).
"IVAN ILYCH AND HADJI MURAD"—Oxford W. C. ($1.10).
"KINGDOM OF GOD" — Oxford W. C. ($1.75), includes also "PEACE ESSAYS."
"THE KREUTZER SONATA AND OTHER TALES"—Oxford W. C. ($1.10).
"MASTER AND MAN"—Everyman's, Dutton (95c).
"NINE STORIES"—Oxford W. C. ($1.10).
"ON LIFE"—Oxford W. C. ($1.10), includes also "ESSAYS ON RELIGION."
"PLAYS"—Oxford W. C. $(1.10).
"RECOLLECTIONS AND ESSAYS" — Oxford W. C. ($1.10).
"RESURRECTION"—Oxford W. C. ($1.10); Pantheon ($1.25).
"TALES OF ARMY LIFE"—Oxford W. C. ($1.10).
"TWENTY-THREE TALES"— Oxford W. C. ($1.10).
"WAR AND PEACE"—Modern Library ($2.45); Simon & Schuster ($5 in one-volume edition, $6 in two volumes).
"WHAT IS ART?"—Oxford W. C. ($1.10).
"WHAT MEN LIVE BY" — Pantheon ($2.50).
"WHAT THEN MUST WE DO?"—Oxford W. C. ($1.10).

All titles in the Oxford World's Classics series are in the Maude translation.

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Faith in Our People

THE UNITED STATES and the whole Western world have been shocked by the sudden military reversal in North Korea. At the moment of impact of the startling news there was danger of hysteria in this country. Instead, wherever people gathered at theatres, movies, or restaurants it was apparent to any observer that, whatever their secret fears may have been, they were not giving voice to them. The newspaper headlines with the ominous words "atomic bomb" screamed at them from the newsstands, but there was no apparent rush to buy them. Men and women picked them up almost casually and often within a block or two thrust them into the wastepaper baskets along the sidewalk. In social gatherings the man who launched into talk of war and disaster was decidedly unpopular, unless his standing or special knowledge gave him the right to guess what the immediate future had in store for his audience. In a small restaurant a young man's loud and offensive remarks were greeted by peremptory shouts: "Quiet, please; shut up; hire a hall!" The young lady with him left him angrily at the door. This was New York on the night of December first; but it was fair to assume that the same scenes and the same reticence were apparent in other great cities of the country.

In the past we have stated that the people of this country were becoming used to alarms, and they were facing dangers and threats to their future quietly, debating them in private, and forming in the end that massive and awe-inspiring spectacle of national unity in a country of one hundred and fifty million people. This exhibition of calmness in the face of contradictory and alarming statements from Washington and Tokyo is more necessary now than at any time in our past since the Civil War. It is partly the result of our experience in two World Wars which we entered late and which would have been lost without our aid, so that we feel that American manpower, production, and inventive genius will in the long run overwhelm any combination of enemies. It is also the result of our increasing knowledge of the nature of the Communist conspiracy against the Western world, which in the last few months has become clear to everyone; for it seems almost impossible for us to conceive that great masses of people can long endure the savage tyranny of totalitarian governments, or believe in the texture of lies and slander on which the Soviet's bid for world conquest and supremacy is based. Again, the unanimity of the press and public opinion was obvious when we realized at the time of the invasion of Southern Korea that the cold war was at an end and it would be necessary for us to arm ourselves and our allies if we were not to face the horrors of another great war. Consternation was then balanced by the spectacle of the revival of the United Nations, the establishment of the first International Army to fight aggression, and finally by what seemed to be the impending success of our arms; until recently when the Communist hoards of China swept down upon an army which had been recklessly divided and which lacked the military reconnaissance which would have warned us of impending disaster.

It is certain that the historians, politicians, and columnists will debate this catastrophe endlessly, asking why, for eleven precious days, the U. N. Army had to cease its advance on the scattered forces of an enemy in flight while it waited for directives; why it did not build an impregnable line across the "waist" of Korea, or why it did not send reconnoitering planes across the Yalu River, or bomb the sources of supply, the power lines, and the factories of lower Manchuria.

But the public is less interested in finding scapegoats than it is in asking where do we go from here. To the average man a retreat from the entire peninsula of Korea seems a lesser evil than a deep involvement in formal war with China in which our armies, trained to fight with machines and the latest weapons, would have to face in Manchuria millions of hardy Orientals skilled in the tactics learned in the long war with the Japanese. Besides, Korea lies on the other side of the world and is already blasted out of any possibility of soon establishing civilized life. We are waiting with what seems to be remarkable patience for the decisions that must be made among France, England, the U.N., and ourselves. In the meantime we are listening to the ominous noises over the radio and to speeches on the highest level which seem to bristle with question marks and hidden antagonisms. We are hearing, in fact, the usual confused voices of democratic leaders in time of peril, when the die has not yet been cast and resolution has not yet taken the place of uncertainty. We have had a long training in the ways of democracy, through two centuries of furious political campaigns—which foreigners often mistake for the beginnings of revolution. There are many wild (or even reasonable) statements and surmises made which we do not believe.

WE DO not see why a retreat from Korea necessarily means that Japan should succumb to Communist armies and dictators. We see no reason why our Naval ships and our fleets of fighting planes and bombers cannot protect the Japanese islands against an enemy that has neither a great air force, a navy, or transports with which to carry hundreds of thousands of invading troops and their equipment. It seems reasonable to assume that a powerful Japanese force can be built to protect the homeland and that, if Formosa is also necessary to Japan's defense, our ships and plane carriers will be a match for Chinese wooden junks. We do not see why, if necessary, the several hundred thousands of Nationalist Chinese troops cannot aid the insurrectionists in Southern China and force part of the Chinese Communists away from Manchuria and Indo-China. We regard the establishment of a United Nations' Army as an expeditionary force, a fire brigade to quell sudden invasions; we do not expect that it can fight in national wars.

There are sound reasons why American forces and equipment should be made ready for the defense of Europe and should not be wasted on vast Oriental expeditions in which we will be inevitably outnumbered. Added to all of these conclusions it is reasonable to say that the average thoughtful American is not convinced that Russia will seize this moment in history, when the West appears to be divided and weak, to plunge into a war of extermination. To most of us there are convincing arguments to show that Stalin and his advisers may

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well be content with the present situation in which European and American forces are involved with Russian satellites and billions in money and materials are expended across the Pacific. We do not believe that Russia is willing to see its cities, its manufacturing centers—built and rebuilt over the years at the expense of human toil and blood—lost in a sudden holocaust of ferocious bombing. We are convinced that we have an enormous and increasing lead in the manufacture of atomic bombs which we are capable of carrying over the vast length and breadth of the country. We do not believe that the inevitable loss of half of Russia's oil supplies, when the wells and reservoirs of Baku go up in flames, can be compensated for by an invasion of Europe. The often-heard argument that Stalin because of his old age might wish like a mad incendiary to ignite the cities and power plants of his country or Europe seems to most people a little silly. We have faith, in fact, in the common sense of our people, as they have faith that cruelty and falsehood cannot triumph over the whole world, and that someday this feverish horror that hovers over the peaceful beds of all of us may vanish like an evil dream.

—H. S.

Work in Progress

READERS who want to help a manuscript on its way may be able to assist the following, who are looking for books, letters, and other relevant information pertaining to their areas of investigation. Frederick Rudolph, 140 Main St., Williamstown, Mass., needs letters, diaries, and other material concerned with Mark Hopkins's connection with Williams College. Mrs. M. L. Lickerman, 512 East First St., Port Angeles, Wash., who is doing a work on Henry Handel Richardson in a small town where library facilities are limited, needs letters, articles, out-of-print books (sale or loan). Arnold T. Schwab, Divinity Hall, Room 28, Harvard University, Cambridge 38, Mass., is writing a critical biography of James Gibbon Huneker and wants to hear from those who knew him or have letters of his. Ralph Whitney, 452 New Jersey Ave. S. E., Washington 3, D.C., desires correspondence concerning Edward Knight Collins, New York shipowner and manager of a century ago, and his ships. Archibald Henderson, 721 E. Franklin St., Chapel Hill, N. C., requests any and all Shaviana for the third edition of his Shaw biography.

Bookmarks

DO the books on your shelves suffer from creeping jackets? They do not, of course, if you throw away the jackets before you shelve the books but some people enjoy the parade of color, and the value of the jacket as protection is undebatable. Nothing, on the other hand, looks quite so dowdy as a book in a torn and scuffed jacket with the fringe on top. The handling of a jacketed book tends to crowd the jacket upward and thus to make the top edge ripe for tattering. To circumvent this process of decay tamp the jacket gently back into place before shelving the book.

* * *

The ubiquity of the typewriter has not only made handwriting a losing art but has heavily reduced the percentage of persons who are able to read with ease and fluency such handwriting as is left. What would a magazine editor or a publisher's reader do today if he came to work some morning and found his desk piled high exclusively with handwritten manuscripts? Our guess is that he would immediately resign, be rehired at a tremendous increase in salary, buckle down to the job, and, an hour later, re-resign.

* * *

In "The Rim of Terror," Hildegarde Tolman Teilhet introduces a character who "spoke with an accent that Elizabeth couldn't place — actually, without any accent at all, East or West." There's no accent like no accent.

* * *

Of former Governor George D. Robinson of Massachusetts, leader in the defense of Lizzie Borden, Edgar Lustgarten declares in "Verdict in Dispute": "He possessed what, for want of a better word, one may call courtcraft." All right, let's call it that. "Verdict in Dispute," we are eager to add, seems to us to be big value for the money —$2.50, which even the poorest mystery costs. The book is a study of six real-life murder trials (five British and one American) in which the decisions may have been contrary to fact—Mr. Lustgarten calls three of them "demonstrably bad," and demonstrates. Mr. Lustgarten has one unusual and enviable gift—he can write with great compactness without seeming to do so. His little excursions into courtroom technique are bolstered by telling citations from the record. This is an admirable book for reading aloud—try one study a night, with Sunday off, and you will have a bargain in a week's entertainment. Each unit, incidentally, is good for an indefinite amount of subsequent discussion.

Good News

▸ A member of the Ewe tribe in West Africa recently was appointed as an examiner of the Royal College of Music in London, the first African ever to hold such a position. The new examiner is Ephraim Amu, whose musical compositions gave a new lease of life to many African folk songs. He is now writing an encyclopedia on African music.

▸ A United Nations in miniature has been meeting in the North of Italy near the French border each summer during the past four years. Its name is Agapé, the Greek word for Christian love. It is a work camp where the youth of every denomination or no denomination are laboring to erect stone buildings on a permanent camp site, which will be used the year round for international and interdenominational camps and conferences. As many as seventeen countries have been represented at one time in the more than 100 workers maintained during each summer.

▸ Metropolitan Life Insurance reports that whooping-cough deaths have dropped to less than 1,000 in the U. S. in 1949, with infant mortality down 75 per cent in ten years. Two reasons are wider immunization and use of antibiotics.

▸ Documentary, educational, and foreign films are getting a wide distribution in Denmark through the efforts of a Government film distribution agency. The system is financed by a tax paid by motion-picture theatre managers on their earnings. This money goes into a film fund which provides, free of charge, short films of a historical, cultural, or informational nature to all movie theatres. The agency also has given more than thirty projectors to public libraries.

▸ And a fervent wish that the world's news may change to good news for the season of good will on its way.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Conservation—Private and Public

SIR: The inadequacy of Fairfield Osborn's review of "The Pursuit of Plenty," by A. G. Mezerik [*SRL* Nov. 11], might be overlooked on grounds of space limitations if it did not use space advancing some of the old saws of the utility lobby against valley authorities.

Having debated with the late former Governor Ralph Carr of Colorado, I became familiar several years ago with the line "It is a good deal to assume that other valley authorities that may be created would enjoy administrations as *generally competent* as that of the Tennessee Valley." Governor Carr, employed by Western power companies to fight CVA and MVA, used the line at least five years ago.

Consistency almost demands that those who repeat these arguments make a careful selection, which Mr. Osborn has failed to do. He also uses, in his next sentence, the often repeated allegation that "many observers and students of the TVA do not give it 'high marks'." I watched that line develop. Early in the MVA fight, Clifford Stone of Colorado used to complain about the unanimous praise which writers gave the TVA. Then one night he announced that there would be a critical book out soon on TVA. Eventually, two or three did appear, with ill-concealed public utility inspiration and/or subsidy, and this new line was adopted. But it had to be used apart from line No. 1 above.

Is TVA "generally competent," as Mr. Osborn states in one sentence, or does it fail to deserve "high marks," as Mr. Osborn indicates in the next sentence? It cannot merit both comments. In using the two arguments one after the other Mr. Osborn combines arguments which the utilities' speakers have been careful to use in separate places.

It is hard to think that Mr. Osborn meant to give *carte blanche* approval to what free enterprisers have done and are doing to our natural resources on the ground that "beneficent and humanitarian results . . . in later years have been flowing from the wealth that this system produced." Is that an approval for clear-cutting great tracts of timber if the lumber company later gives a little of the profit to support a conservation foundation? Does that mean that our national grazing lands should be turned over to private owners because their grandchildren will some day endow a conservation foundation? This is the defense of the sweat-shop operators who point to their community-chest contributions as justification for exploiting needy humans in the first place.

Mr. Osborn's prominence in the conservation field makes it most important that his readers understand his basic viewpoint, which now appears to trend toward a conservation philosophy acceptable to the economically Big People, a sort of horse-and-sparrow line: let the horses eat plenty so the sparrows can live. Mr. Mezerik believes that there can be enough for the sparrows to enjoy some of the grain in the first place!

BENTON J. STONG,
Chairman, Regional
Committee for MVA.

Washington, D. C.

SIR: It seems to me that Fairfield Osborn has been less than fair to Mr. Mezerik's very fine book. Although he says the book is well worth reading, he does not at any time reach the focal point of Mr. Mezerik's thesis, which is that resources are here for the use of people, all people, not just a few. He attacks Mr. Mezerik's "blows at big corporations and the free-enterprise system in general." He writes as though Mr. Mezerik has nothing to say that is good of the system of capitalism. Actually, what Mr. Mezerik has said is that this part of capitalism has worked to the extent of freeing a great many of the resources which are necessary to keep the peoples of the world in abundance, but the people who have control over the methods of distribution of this abundance are keeping it for only a few. Mr. Mezerik demands that these resources be made available to all of the people and that, it seems to me, is making a case for free enterprise rather than against it.

In "The Pursuit of Plenty" Mr. Mezerik has pulled no punches in saying who are the people who wish to live on in yesterday and who wish to keep the development of our resources for themselves. This, of course, is bound to arouse the antagonism of those people who believe that we should save what we have for a few. Mr. Mezerik opposes the neo-Malthusians who wish to make the population of the world smaller by the control of the resources rather than releasing the resources to as many people as there may be born into the world. His thesis is that there is enough and to spare if resources are rightly used.

GLADYS TALBOTT EDWARDS,
Director of Education,
National Farmers Union.

Denver, Colo.

SIR: Such disagreement as I have with Mr. Mezerik's book stems from my reaction that, despite much material of unusual value, the book runs to extremes in presenting the case for government management or control as a cure-all for our national resource problems. For my part I would infinitely prefer that the approach to this great problem should be made through our existing free-enterprise system under adequate government regulation—and not an excess of government regulation, to say nothing of government management. It is almost too easy to slap at the past ways and manners of American corporations. My feeling is that it is not only they, but the attitude of the American people as a whole, that have been at fault in the misuse and wastage of our resources. For instance, as far as agricultural practices are concerned, it would take a far wiser man than Mr. Mezerik or Mr. Stong or myself to arrive at an honest discrimination of the malpractices, for example, of big land owners compared with small land owners. The glowing and vital opportunity provided to us Americans now is that the pattern of conservation may be accepted by all our people within the framework of our present democratic system.

Incidentally, I am not expressing *carte blanche* approval to either the free enterprisers or government bureaus. Who would? Anybody knows that both are open to criticism. While I believe that TVA has been "generally competent" for the purposes for which it was conceived, principally

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those of hydro-electric development, I repeat the statement in my review that anyone who wishes to be well informed regarding it should read the criticism expressed by Bernard Frank and Anthony Netboy in their book "Water, Land and People," not to mention other studies of a similar nature that expose its shortcomings in regard to agriculture.

At the moment, large timber corporations, due to their organizational capacity, are doing a better job in forest conservation than a great proportion of small timber owners. This is no reflection whatsoever upon the latter—it's just far more difficult for them as a group to get onto a sustained yield basis.

Is it undesirable that corporations support conservation activities? For instance, the Conservation Foundation, of which I am an official, is an independent organization created for research and education. Its support comes from individuals, corporations, or other institutions. Being nonpolitical, it does not and will not accept funds from government, unless such funds are received for specific research projects. In passing, it is the stated policy of our organization that a contribution from any one corporation can only be a fractional part of our total operating requirements, and shall in no case exceed 5 per cent thereof. If Mr. Stong's implication were to be taken seriously, practically every USA educational or research institution would be suspect.

Somehow, I would rather not try to analyze Mr. Stong's reference to "sparrows." It would be more kind to believe that he has fits of nostalgia for their heyday—namely, the good old "horse and buggy" days. Sometimes I do, too.

It is curious that Miss Edwards feels that my review did not reach the focal point of Mr. Mezerik's thesis. In my review I particularly quoted his excellent statement, "Nowhere can natural resources be evaluated as materials separated from the social organization of the people who are to use them." If Miss Edwards would do me the honor of reading my own book, "Our Plundered Planet," she would see that Mr. Mezerik and myself are thoroughly in accord on this paramount idea.

It would be a great relief if there were a little more clarity of thinking as regards what a "neo-Malthusian" is or isn't. If a conservationist expresses opinions concerning growing populations and resource shortages, he apparently becomes one *ipso facto*!

In conclusion, Mr. Stong is good enough to inquire regarding my basic viewpoint. It was expressed in my book published three years ago; it was expressed in an address before the Herald Tribune Forum two years ago, as follows:

> As we stand today, this conservation battle, in our country, cannot be won by legislation or by government direction alone. Its accomplishment must rest on a new and enlightened point of view of our people. We can win it in the American way; namely, through the supreme partnership of individual effort, of public opinion, of labor, industry and government.

It was expressed before the Fourteenth Educational Conference last year as follows:

> Conservation is an ethical problem, a social problem, and a material problem. The concept of trusteeship for the general good on the part of owners, whether large or small, of natural resources is a totally new concept for the great majority of Americans. Without this concept no conservation program can be successful. Resources must be used for the greatest good of the greatest number. This can be achieved only through voluntary action of all those groups within our national society that are in one way or another directly involved. This is the democratic way.

These statements express my basic viewpoint then and now.

FAIRFIELD OSBORN,
President, The Conservation Foundation.

New York, N. Y.

Edna St. Vincent Millay

SIR: John Ciardi's article in *SRL* Nov. 11 was a fair analysis of Edna St. Vincent Millay's appeal. She *was* Spring incarnate—nothing more. Her tragedy was that this Spring was followed by no fruitful Fall. I shall never forget the eagerness with which I opened my copy of "Conversation at Midnight"—the fragrance of "Renascence" still in my nostrils—nor the disgust with which I consigned that copy to the flames.

But, to paraphrase her own lines, "Need we say it was not poetry, just because it ceased?" Let her continue to live in lines like these:

I would I were alive again,
To kiss the fingers of the rain,
To drink into my eyes the shine
Of every slanting, silver line,
To catch the freshened, fragrant breeze
From drenched and dripping apple trees.

ETHEL TORNÖE OLNEY.

San Anselmo, Calif.

Tainted Midwest

SIR: Raymond Swing's guest editorial, "The Power of Consecration" [*SRL* Nov. 11], persuades me to record an inadvertant survey I made in my own Middlewestern community. Groups of people, men or women, talking of some local scamp, law evader, exploiter, or notorious cheat, invariably closed their session of vilification with this sage comment, "Well—but you have to admit he makes a lot of money. Yes, when all is said and done, he *is* a rich man."

My respected banker, in conversation with me about the professors and doctors on the faculty at the college, said, earnestly, "You know this, don't you? Those fellows wouldn't be teaching up there at that place if they could make any money!" And an equally respected citizen commenting this time on the newly elected trustees of the college and one of our civic groups said, "They've got smart fellows on those boards now, those guys have made a lot of money. They'll know what to do."

Of a young friend who refused a startling offer by a great oil company in order to get his Ph. D. in philosophy and then teach or serve his country it was gossiped in every important circle in the town, "Too bad. All that fine education and he'll probably never make any money, never anything like the oil job. How could he!"

I have a list of the number of times, the names of the persons involved, the exact incident when these expressions were given out. And the recurrence was often and in the very same words, in very dissimilar places and groups.

It is not surprising to me nor would it be to any practical advocate of rugged individualism that these expressions occur. It is no secret that material well-being even to the point of "riches" is a healthy part of the American philosophy. When our people "get on" we assume that they "make money." The alarming thing is the insistence with which this materialistic philosophy runs through our daily living with the regularity and granted quality of breakfast. These expressions came out of these people as a matter of course, not as the avowal of a philosophy.

And most disturbing of all, to me, is the fact that all these people with their naive emphasis on the importance of the end, MONEY, no matter the *means*, are the earthy inhabitants of the great rural Middlewest, busting with avowed pride in their demonstration of how to live the democratic way, the real American life. These people have established and developed small cities and country towns that are the envy of the world for their neighborliness, their shared life, their gift for peace. If, in the "best" of us, material gain justifies any deviltry, smart men do not consecrate themselves to a life of teaching, rich men are, *ergo*, wise men in *any* field—then the disease that affects the world, the sagging in high places, is to be understood. This explains why crooks and gamblers flourish; this explains why oppressive monopolies are tolerated in the name of democracy; this explains why dishonest and unworthy men are in high places, this—ultimately—explains war. For if the salt of the earth is tainted with acid, the frailer specimens may be found to be well rotted.

Mr. Swing, doesn't consecration begin at home by the family fireside? I think of the old revival slogans from the days when Billy Sunday traveled across these plains and put the fear of the Lord (or of pretty real and present personal punishment) into the hearts of the people. Salvation is Free. I say Salvation is consecration, and personal, and in the hearts and voices of the street-corner groups and down the main streets of our smallest American villages. When we know how to dedicate ourselves in these remote and humble places we'll know how to "save" the world.

HAZEL BROWN.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

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Seeing Things

WELCOME MAGIC

ALTHOUGH Congress from time to time still seems to believe in witches, most of us do not. We are comfortable in the knowledge that Salem's crones belong to the past. We read with incredulity about those unfortunates the Elizabethans charged with sorcery. The Weird Sisters in "Macbeth" interest us as problems in stagecraft or contributors to a needed mood of terror, but we are not frightened by them. Even the very young are less scared than amused by the mummery in which they indulge on Hallowe'en, that feast day of broom-riding hags. Chas. Addams's are the only witches that nowadays cast a universal spell.

This modern attitude of disbelief must have presented John van Druten with a serious problem when he wrote "Bell, Book and Candle."* His is a comedy laid in contemporary New York. There are, of course, thousands of good people up and down the land who are convinced (with much evidence on their side) that New York is inhabited by horrors of every kind. Yet even the most violent of these Manhattan-haters have never accused the city of being a witches' nest. Certainly its Murray Hill district, which Mr. van Druten has chosen as his scene, is not noted for caldrons, midnight incantations, or elderly women zooming about in the air. The stanchest enemies of Gotham would have to admit that the residents of Murray Hill are as normal as New Yorkers can be expected to be.

This is where Mr. van Druten shows his skill as a strategist. For the purposes of his comedy he pretends to believe not only that witches exist but that, when passed in the street or met in a room, they are indistinguishable from anyone else. Their existence, perhaps I should say their prevalence, is the bold assumption upon which the whole action of "Bell, Book and Candle" is based. So skilful is Mr. van Druten, especially in his first act, in persuading audiences to accept his premise that from now on most of us sitting next to women young or old, or men as stolid looking as investment counselors, will be forced to regard them with suspicion. Not that we will close our doors against them, because doors closed and bolted offer no obstacles to Mr. van Druten's practitioners of black magic. Nonetheless we will wonder if the most innocent seeming of our neighbors has not some henbane tucked away in her reticule or root of hemlock secreted in his wallet.

Everyone recalls how unlike any soups suggested by Betty Crocker is the recipe for broth supplied by the Witches in "Macbeth." Included among the awsome, if unpalatable, ingredients it calls for are delicacies as foreign to the A&P as

Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and howlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

I dare to quote so familiar a passage only because in it the atmosphere of the supernatural and the terrors of witchcraft are conjured by what is droning in the rhythm no less than by what is loathsome in the imagery. Shakespeare's necromancy is a matter of language deliberately set apart in its beat and the pictures it summons, so as to serve as speech for the denizens of a creepy realm. Mr. van Druten's witches are unaided by such verbal idiosyncrasies. Prose is their release and theirs on the whole is the kind of talk indulged in by literate people anywhere who do not go in for pointed hats.

—John Seymour Erwin.

Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer —not "tamed by marriage."

To reveal the twists in the plot of "Bell, Book and Candle" would be grossly unfair. Suffice it to say that, according to Mr. van Druten, being a present-day witch is certainly a job demanding full-time dedication. Once you putter around with the Kinsey stuffs, once you give Cupid a ride on your broomstick, your prowess in witchcraft is done in. In the fashion of his own sorceress whose heart is assailed by love Mr. van Druten's script loses some of its force when its first act is over and he is confronted with spinning a romantic yarn capable of living up to the mood he has brilliantly created. Even so, I enjoyed Mr. van Druten's agreeable excursion into the impossible. I admired the way in which, without writing lines that can be described as epigrammatic or notable for their wit, he manages to give pleasure by the civilized quality of his thinking, phrasing, and observation.

CERTAINLY no effort is required to enjoy either Rex Harrison or Lilli Palmer. Mr. Harrison is a past master at the ping-pong of comedy. He sweeps into a script, dapper, lean, and charming, with the suavity of a Britisher, and in the manner of Britain's subtler actors knows precisely which of his lines to cherish and which to throw away. All the while that his casualness is creating the illusion of underplaying, his performance is alert to the nuances and values both of what he wants and needs to get done.

As for Miss Palmer she, like Lynn Fontanne, is a wife-actress set free rather than tamed by marriage. That Miss Palmer is a beautiful woman works to no one's disadvantage. Her gifts, however, do not stop with the beauty of her face or the slim loveliness of her body. Her young Cleopatra in last year's "Caesar and Cleopatra" proved this triumphantly. Her café-society witch in "Bell, Book and Candle" proves it all over again. Here is a commanding personality, taut with all the dark and mysterious tensions which can lend compulsion to the bigger scenes. Yet her comedy is pure sunlight. It might be added that, if any of the older members of Hecate's sorority happen to fly in to

*BELL, BOOK AND CANDLE, a comedy by John van Druten. Directed by Mr. van Druten. Setting by George Jenkins. Miss Palmer's costumes by Valentina. Other costumes by Anna Hill Johnstone. Presented by Irene Mayer Selznick. With Rex Harrison, Lilli Palmer, Scott McKay, Jean Adair, and Larry Gates. At the Ethel Barrymore Theatre, New York City. Opened November 14, 1950.

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see Miss Palmer's performance, ten to one they will abandon their time-honored costumes. For Miss Palmer is dressed by Valentina, and not even Valentina, sorceress of the wardrobe though she is, has ever used her artist's gift to create more bewitching clothes.

Although Miss Palmer and Mr. van Druten may create in moderns a temporary willingness to believe in witches, with or without the aid of witches the age-old business of the theatre has always been to cast a spell. This is exactly what "Ring Round the Moon"* succeeds in doing. It is a comedy rare in its mood, sharp in its satire, and blessed with attributes as easy to enjoy as they are difficult to describe. There is a delectable soapbubble quality about the whole giddy proceedings; a happy awareness that realism is tossed out the window and that in its place is substituted a style which is all glitter; an artifice which is iridescent in its gaiety; and a nonsense which, though most often hilarious, is sometimes poignant and always within hailing distance of sense.

THE right, the inspired classification for Jean Anouilh's prank was thought of by Christopher Fry, who was persuaded to make the translation from the French. The English producers, as Peter Brook tells us in his illuminating preface to the published play,† were in an understandable quandary. They knew that M. Anouilh has a style and manner of his own; that he is nearer in spirit to the *commedia dell' arte* than to the tradition of literary dramatists; and that "he preconceives the accidental and calls it the impromptu." Was his play, therefore, to be subtitled a comedy, a farce, or a ballet? All of these were words which, though accurate enough in their way, failed to cover the entire script and for English-speaking audiences had the wrong connotations. Mr. Fry found the answer. He called it a "charade with music."

From my youth I remember how Mrs. Wiggs of Cabbage Patch fame, seeing someone off on a train for Niagara, thrust an empty bottle into the lucky traveler's hand, begging her to bring it back full so that she would know what the Falls were like. I find myself in a position as ridiculous as Mrs. Wiggs's, when attempting in a review to capture the true quality of "Ring Round the Moon." There is a plot which, in its simplest essentials, tells how a brother conspires to save his twin from marrying a particular

*RING ROUND THE MOON, a charade with music, by Jean Anouilh. Translated from the French by Christopher Fry. Staged by Gilbert Miller. Music by Francis Poulenc. Costumes by Castillo. Scenery and lighting supervised by Raymond Sovey. Winter garden setting by Georges Wakhevitch. Curtains by Raoul Dufy. Choreography by Ted Cappy. Produced by Mr. Miller. With Lucile Watson, Oscar Karlweis, Denholm Elliott, Stella Andrew, Brenda Forbes, Francis Compton, Georgina Cookson, Neva Patterson, Michael Evans, Cynthia Latham, Philip Tonge, Marcel Dill, William Allyn, and Bennett Martin. At the Martin Beck Theatre, New York City. Opened November 23, 1950.

†RING ROUND THE MOON. A play by Jean Anouilh. Translated by Christopher Fry. With a preface by Peter Brook. New York: Oxford University Press. 104 pp. $2.50.

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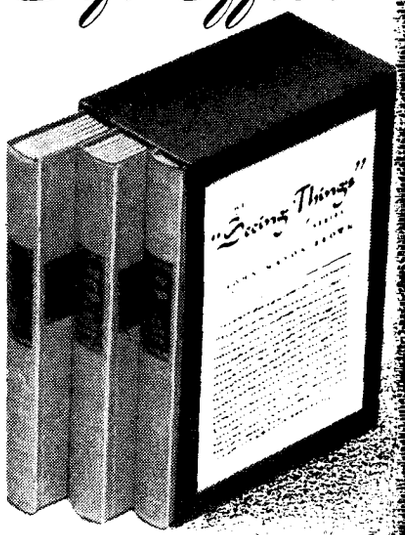

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girl. But the ramifications of this story are so involved that compared to them "The Comedy of Errors" seems as uncomplicated as a straight line. These twists and turnings, however, serve their purpose. They allow fun to be made of the idle rich, the snobbishness of servants, the pretentiousness of the lower classes, the pathos of the self-made, the poverty of wealth, and the unreliability of appearances.

Having been unable to procure a copy of M. Anouilh's text I can only guess at the richness of Mr. Fry's contribution. The fact that he converted the original title, "L'Invitation au Château," into "Ring Round the Moon" may perhaps be taken as a hint. So may Mr. Brook's statement that "to translate Anouilh is no matter of matching chat with chat: it demands re-creation, a re-shaping of ideas into phrases that have an English elegance and grace." No one who has seen or read "The Lady's Not for Burning," "A Phoenix Too Frequent," or "Venus Observed" can be unprepared for Mr. Fry's prowess with the language. If in "Ring Round the Moon" he writes prose instead of poetry, his prose nonetheless has the fecund imagery, the dash, the beauty, and the originality associated with his poetry.

NOTHING could more happily suggest in visual terms the literary quality of "Ring Round the Moon" than Raoul Dufy's entr'acte curtains. Castillo's enchanting costumes, Francis Poulenc's rippling music, and Georges Wakhevitch's conservatory setting. This is properly rococo and warns us even while delighting us that the characters about to be seen live in glass houses.

Although the acting leaves something to be desired in the matter of a completely established and fused stylization, Gilbert Miller has assembled a capable cast. Denham Elliott is admirable as the twins, distinguishing the one from the other without change of costume or make-up, and playing both with much spirit and charm. Lucile Watson is wonderfully dry and acid as a chair-ridden dowager. And there are delightfully droll performances by Brenda Forbes, Oscar Karlweis, Francis Compton, and Philip Tonge. Certainly the season is not apt to reveal a more uproarious interlude than the scene in which Georgina Cookson and Michael Evans stalk through a goofy Mexican tango while gravely discussing their relationship.

I do not mean to accuse Mr. Fry of being a warlock (male witch to you), but one thing seems incontestable. He is a magician—with words, moods, and the most gossamer kind of comedy. —JOHN MASON BROWN.

FILMS, RADIO & TV

(*Continued from page* 12)

and of adjusting to the real conditions of their lives they can find little or no meaning in what Hollywood has largely offered.

Before the mature audience can be properly looked after something will have to be done, Mr. Seldes suggests, about a major obstacle in the way—Hollywood's self-imposed straightjacket: "A Code to Govern the Making of Motion and Talking Pictures."

The section in "The Great Audience" on what is more familiarly known as the production code gives a wonderfully clear explanation of why movies bear so little relation to the general conditions of our lives. The code was developed, supposedly, to help protect both the producers of movies and the audience they are made for. A bewildering variety of pressures has awaited the producer, even while his movie was in the planning stage. The pressure "has been esthetic, social, moral, economic, political, and religious. It has included boycotts, denunciations from bench and pulpit, editorials, legislation, arbitrary use of the police power, financial chicanery."

Over the years the code has managed to achieve little but baneful results. "Most of our pictures have little, if any, real substance. Our fear of what the censor will do keeps us from portraying life as it really is. We wind up with a lot of empty little fairy tales that do not have much relation to anything. . . ." So speaks Samuel Goldwyn. Mr. Seldes, in his analysis of the code and its quite terrifying effects on American habits and conducts (younger people, who form the bulk of the audience, are particularly affected) is at his most brilliant.

It might seem strange, in view of the situation, that Mr. Seldes remains a believer in organized pressure. "I am convinced," he writes, "that nothing else can be effective dealing with such highly organized, entrenched, and well-defended enterprises. . . . It seems to me the intelligent public has never recognized its own interest. . . . A democracy cannot endure if the forces making for free minds are apathetic and the forces of invincible ignorance are aggressive and brilliantly managed and irresponsible." It seems to me that an intelligent public can first begin to recognize its own interest by reading Mr. Seldes's valid and vital essay.

* * *

Hortense Powdermaker is an anthropologist and a university profes-

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sor who spent a year in Hollywood on a sort of field trip. She studied the giant in its native habitat, interviewed members of the many levels of Hollywood's working society, and came to conclusions similar to those of Mr. Seldes. However, it is a closer view that her book "Hollywood: The Dream Factory" gives. You meet the actual executives, producers, directors, writers, actors, and agents, all of them more or less typical of the personalities connected with those who concoct stories for the rolls of celluloid. She is more acid, often more witty and more devastating than Mr. Seldes, and it is rather a shame that she often weakens her very logical arguments by the patronizing attitude she now and then evidences. She has already come under criticism from the trade on the grounds that her interviews were too often with the disgruntled and the dispossessed, and certainly she does quote some of the chestnuts tossed by those on the scene for any length of time. She has produced a valuable book, nevertheless, not immune to criticism, but one impossible to dismiss lightly.

I want to get one of my own annoyances out of the way quickly. This came about from her insistence upon demonstrating the value of anthropologic methods for such a study as hers, and by her fairly constant comparison of Hollywood "rituals" with those of Melanesian natives she'd studied previously. The joke (although it's not always meant to be one) becomes wearing: "To me the handsome stars with their swimming-pool homes were no more glamorous than were the South Sea aborigines exotic."

Miss Powdermaker, too, speaks out against the code and roundly claims that "the motion-picture industry is an exception to the American pattern of resisting censorship through legal action." But she wonders if it is the code alone that is responsible for so many of the bad movies. "The taste, good or bad, of the men who make the movies will be inevitably stamped on them and will break through all rules and taboos. . . ."

Taste, good or bad, is something that is a part of a mentality or a group of mentalities, and so it is to the people who make movies that Miss Powdermaker devotes the major share of her attention, and she has used an apt method for showing them to us. She has woven together a great many thumbnail "profiles" that are astonishingly clever in delineating the backgrounds and mentalities of those who make movies in one capacity or another. I suppose a parlor game could easily result from trying to guess the identities of those she labels as "Mr. Big-Shot," "Mr. Mediocre," "Mr. Kowtow," "Miss Manifest Destiny," and others.

But it's a good way of getting to know something about the hacks, the occasional heretics, the kowtowers, the men of ability, and the gods who are colossal and those not so colossal. Here are people whose tastes govern the choice and treatment of stories, and here are those who must bend talents to conform not only to a code, but to standards of those in positions of power. Directors are hampered by producers; the writers in most cases knuckle under to both. The Hollywood writer's economic security is dependent upon the screen credits doled out to him, and he is generally caught in a limbo lying between the two-room flat and the estate complete with swimming pool. For a relative few of the many thousands enrolled in the Screen Writer's Guild "writing for the movies becomes the means to wealth or comfort, which eventually becomes the goal. The writers take over the executives' and producers' values more successfully than the latter take over the artists' goals."

Stars, puffed up by the Hollywood publicity set-up, can help along the debauch of creative talent, too. They often, says Miss Powdermaker, demand script alterations and usually get their way. By the time all involved have made their changes and distortions the original script for a movie is generally a sorry, disorganized mess. Bad movies cannot help but result. Hollywood owes at least some of its plight to its way of operation.

But sometimes there occurs a striking contrast to what Miss Powdermaker calls the norm. You find an occasional example of intelligent planning and real collaboration between the key people who place their stamp upon a movie. The picture that results from this kind of cooperative creation indicates "that there is nothing inherent in the production of movies which necessitates the confusion, wastefulness, and lack of planning which underlies the assembling of most scripts and which is taken for granted in Hollywood."

* * *

As a case in point Miss Powdermaker refers to someone she calls "Mr. Intelligent, who recently became the executive head in charge of production for a major studio. Unlike most executives he tends to surround himself with men of training, of proven intelligence and ability." It doesn't take much guesswork to identity "Mr. Intelligent" as Dore Schary, a man who took the hard way toward his present high position in the Hollywood hierarchy, from writer to producer to vice president in charge of all production at the MGM studios.

Dore Schary — "'Mr. Intelligent' . . . the hard way."

The way in which Mr. Schary goes about supervising the making of a movie is set forth in "Case History of a Movie." It is a book which helps show that making a movie can involve perception, imagination, intelligent planning, and manifold skills. There isn't much doubt that it will be read with profit in Mr. Schary's home territory.

The case history is that of the making of "The Next Voice You Hear. . . ." Not a great picture by any means but a respectable one and certainly off the pattern enough to rate being termed experimental. Mr. Schary tells simply and vividly how this movie came into being, first as an idea, then through the various stages of transference into the screen medium. Along the way we are given honest and thorough glimpses of the craft work that must go into a polished Hollywood production, of decisions taken by executives, of a producer's careful guidance of the story through its screen treatment, selection of director, actors, and craftsmen. You notice the respect Mr. Schary has for the people who work with him, the precarious line he must tread between achieving a flop or an unveiling at the New York branch of Hollywood's heaven, Radio City Music Hall.

This "case history" is the best guide for the general public to the techniques of Hollywood production that I have yet come across. But Mr. Schary also manages to puncture a few of the public's myths about Hollywood and its personages. "Hollywood," he says, "has become so much a part of American folklore that it has acquired a persistent stereotype in the public mind." This stereotype of sin, extravagance, wastefulness, "was

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partly superimposed from without, and partly generated from within."

He then tries to determine what is true about the stereotype and what is kept vestigial by newspaper, magazine, and gossip reporting. He also shows to what extent the intelligent executive can put a fight against restrictions of the production code, and to what extent he must inevitably conform. For the good executive must be also a good businessman, and there is such a thing as a national and international market for goods produced that he must take into account.

But before accepting Mr. Schary's total view one must remember his atypicality. His method of operation has not yet been generally accepted, although men like Mankiewicz, Zanuck, Kramer, and Brackett have been making themselves felt of late, with refreshing results in the theatres. And even Mr. Schary accepts the dictum that movies are made primarily for the under-thirty audience.

* * *

Research bears out the assumption that the largest audience for present-day movies does lie in that under-thirty group. You will find the figures in Leon Handel's "Hollywood Looks at Its Audience." You will also find that the average "A" picture is seen by only thirteen million people, hardly a popular mass—more in the nature of a segment. The reason for the relatively small audience for so popular an entertainment form, can be discerned from another set of figures which serve to bolster Mr. Seldes and Miss Powdermaker in their views.

These figures indicate, according to Mr. Handel, "that persons with only grade school education go to the motion pictures less frequently . . . that persons with college educations attend more often than people with either grade school or high school background. In general, the findings seem to indicate a misconception on the part of some producers who feel that they have to 'play down' to the lowest intellectual level to make a motion picture a financial success."

There, it seems to me, it is, in as neat a nutshell as one would want it. There is a great deal of additional ground to be explored (and these books do indeed explore some of it—although this summary has had to leave many of their conclusions unexpressed), but the outlines have become clear, and these outlines show glaringly that the film audience has been consistently underrated, and that the mass production of film stories has been failing to find its supposed mass. The time for Hollywood and its movies to grow up all the way, it would seem, is right now.

SRL Goes to the Movies

SAHIBS & SONS OF SAHIBS

Dean Stockwell and Errol Flynn —"dated portrait of empire."

IN THE year 1950, almost 1951, it is a curious anomaly to come upon a resplendent version of the white man's burden in the Orient, relic of an outmoded politic, dated as an antimacassar, and yet as immediate as the day's dispatches from New Delhi. For only a few weeks ago a correspondent for *The New York Times* in India reported the presence of Russian spy parties in Tibet, surveying the passes through "the icy barrier of the Himalayas into India," projecting air bases as "eventual threat against India . . ."

The Russians of Kipling's "Kim" (published in 1900) were disguised as sporting men and they hunted wild goats, but their kiltas contained surveying chains, levels, compasses, and a theodolite. The Russians of 1950 were "pilgrims to Llasa," accoutered with more modern instruments with photographic attachments.

And so it is with mixed feelings that one approaches this film version of "Kim."* Kipling's India, never acceptable to the Indians, is the country of the Splendid Utterance; of the "clean pride of departmental praise"; of the Sahibs and the sons of Sahibs, the boys at St. Xavier's, who would "no more have bathed in the English Channel in an English August than their brothers would have lain still while a leopard snuffed at their palanquin," and who never forgot that they would some day command natives.

It is also the India of the Great Game pursued night and day for its own sake; of Colonel Creighton, whose Urdu was fluent and picturesque; of Mahbub Ali, the giant Pathan who dyed his beard red to conceal his age, one of the best horse traders in the Punjab, whose caravans penetrated into the Back of the Beyond, and who was registered in the locked books of the Indian Survey Department as C25 IB; of Lurgan Sahib of the small, white, dextrous hands, who treated Kim as an "equal on the Asiatic side," taught him the intricate Jewel Game and how to recite the Koran with the roll and cadence of a mullah; and of the red Lama, dressed in "fold upon fold of dingy stuff like horse-blanketing," his face yellow and wrinkled, illuminating knowledge with insight as he sought and found the River of the Arrow.

Perhaps if there had been no films within memory made in India—Robert Flaherty's "Toomai of the Elephant," the more recent "Black Narcissus"—the discrepancies might not be so visible. For "Kim"—though apparently made for the most part in India, with the combined collaboration of the Maharajahs of Jaipur and Bundi, who loaned dancing girls, elephants, and the use of their realms—never quite convinces one of its authenticity.

With a compact and well-written script deduced line for line, incident for incident, and character for character from its original, preserving the major line of the narratives, the film too often gives the impression that it might as easily have originated in Hollywood, with its red and gold uniforms as immaculate as anything newly rented from Brooks, and the rude intrusions of unnaturally green studio trees and prop-planted hummocks of grass unduly luminous in closeups.

There are moments, however, when Kipling's India asserts itself: in the brilliant, brief, and macabre portrait by Arnold Moss of Lurgan Sahib stringing pearls in a room presided over by a mailed Japanese warrior, Tibetan devil-dance masks, lances, khandas, and kuttars; and again in the vanishing glimpse of the boys of St. Xavier's off for their midsummer holidays, rushing down the ancient steps of the sculptured building into a fleet of rickshaws that disappear in the dust of midday like apparitions from "Plain Tales from the Hills."

Kim as Dean Stockwell plays him

**KIM. Screen play by Leon Gordon, Helen Deutsch, and Richard Schayer. Directed by Victor Saville. Produced by Leon Gordon. Released through Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. With Errol Flynn, Dean Stockwell, Paul Lukas, Robert Douglas, Thomas Gomez, Cecil Kellaway, Arnold Moss, Reginald Owen, Laurette Luez, and others.*

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is a kind of Till Eulenspiegel of the bazaars, yet one is always aware of the bright young actor having fun with an assignment, and of the fact that this is no "boy who has known all evil since he could talk." Errol Flynn, as Mahbub Ali, adds a Douglas Fairbanks note of Arabian Nights' agility and derring-do that is not out of keeping, and Paul Lukas, as the red Lama, though physically too florid for a Tibetan and burdened with a red robe and red mitered hat (no doubt for technicolor purposes) instead of the indicated "horse-blanketing," conveys deep piety and humility.

Again "Kim" raises the perennial question of book into films. Here there can be no accusation of lack of fidelity to the original; in fact, the entire film revolves like a pale translation, lacking its own identity, its own separate movement. The magic that Kipling made with words is merely translated into a kind of pigeon English that reads better than it intones, and Victor Saville, as director, has added no film dimension that would take it away from the category of translations, no added fillip to delight the eye or persuade the ear. But dated portrait of empire that it is, there is no doubt that this film version, as its first, will send those too young to have read "Kim," and those old enough to have forgotten it, back to the original, a story that as pure narrative of a special kind of boyhood will long survive our troubled times.

—Evelyn Gerstein.

SRL Recommends

Kim: Reviewed in this issue.

Breakthrough: Exploits of the infantry-battalion level at St. Lô. Realistically presented—within formula strictures.

The Blue Angel: The original version. A bit hoary as entertainment features go, but pure gold to fanciers of the film as a developing art form.

King Solomon's Mines: The magnificently photographed jungles and wild animals of Africa serve as background for an exciting adventure story.

Cyrano de Bergerac: The great stage classic has been infused with new vitality in an almost perfect transference to the screen.

Mad Wednesday: Harold Lloyd comes back in a film so funny that you will be in danger of hurting yourself with belly laughs.

All About Eve: Witty, adult satire on the theatre; richly produced, well acted. Should not be missed.

The Glass Menagerie: A deeply moving play transferred literally to the screen, with most of its power intact.

TV and Radio

NATIVITY OF A NEW BREED

THE curtain has fallen on our educators' bid for a place in television's sun. At the hearings before the Federal Communications Commission in Washington, D.C. the PhD.'s presented their case for the reservation of TV channels for exclusive non-commercial use, paraded their friendly witnesses, and departed for campus and classroom. The decision now rests with the FCC. Frieda B. Hennock, Federal Communications Commissioner, be it noted, stated in her guest editorial for *SRL* last week: "There is ample historical and legal precedent for a reservation of television channels for educational use."

The educators conducted a vigorous campaign. They have had a good press. They have been helped considerably by the widespread public revulsion over the supercharged imbecility that television has emitted steadily since the inception of its big-time operation —not to mention the recent, boomeranging, full-page newspaper advertisements by the Television Dealers of America. Clearly, there is an awareness on the part of the American public that somebody had better do something quickly to harness this new monster, TV, and put it to work.

In the light of all this it is difficult to believe that the FCC will prove unresponsive to the educators' request. The informed expectation is that the Commission will definitely grant them some sort of lien on a portion of the 2,000 channels waiting to be distributed in TV. The educators may get one channel in every large city or they may receive regular time periods on commercial stations, during which they will produce their own programs, paying the production but not the time cost—or some combination of both these solutions.

—*Acme.*

Frieda B. Hennock—"public revulsion over . . . supercharged imbecility."

No one must look for a sudden popping up of educational TV stations all over the country even if the FCC chooses to reserve channels for them. The granting of licenses and new construction must await the FCC's lifting of the current "freeze," probably late next year. Even when the freeze is lifted, however, it may be a long time before the educators find the large sums of money required to build and operate television stations. The educators will more quickly have an opportunity to demonstrate the kind of broadcasting about which they have been talking if they may share time with commercial TV stations.

LET us leap over the inevitable years of fund raising, organization, and the pooling of educational resources on community, state, and regional levels and go at once to the heart of the matter. The educators will not be judged in a vacuum, whatever pattern they finally work out for themselves in the nation's television system. They will be judged in comparison with the commercial broadcasters.

To be sure, the educators have noble aims. They are committed to the movement of ideas, not merchandise. Their aim is not the "sell," but the maturation of the individual. They propose to explore fields of subject matter never approached by the commercial broadcasters. The grand, broad realms of history, the arts, the humanities, and the physical and social sciences beckon them invitingly.

The educators plan to appeal to the whole man and not just to his pocketbook. Their purpose is to convey the information and the insights sorely needed to ameliorate the tensions and perplexities of this time of troubles. They hope to improve human relations and to preserve and enlarge the virtues of Greek-Roman, Hebrew-Christian, Western cultures, infusing them with the highest values that the ancient and modern East have to offer.

That is all well and good. But education with a capital "E" is not very attractive to a people weaned on a diet of dancing girls and gagmen. The vast, jagged mountains of the human heritage cannot be cut up into neat television sections and lectured out to audiences over television. They must be *communicated.* And this is a task not

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for educators or showmen alone but for a new and evolving twentieth-century breed, combining the best features of both—a breed coming to be called "the communicators." These are men and women who have read studies on the laws of learning as well as Hooper charts, who know something about attitudes and stereotypes and "circles of concern" as well as about climax and scene and suspense. They are half artists and half social scientists, at home equally in the reaches of the imagination and in the disciplines of research.

Unless educational broadcasting, be it audio or video, develops such communicators it cannot hope to compete for audience interest with commercial broadcasters who are expert at weaving fine, fundamental webs of primitive appeal. It will not do just to have well-meaning pedagogues and students-in-training playing at TV with camera and microphone. The educators need and must have the creative middlemen who can translate messages into effective, vibrant programs.

A hard core of such communicators already exists in some of our leading colleges and universities. Many of them have served with the commercial broadcasters. They have mastered well the lessons of past mistakes and are determined not to make them again. They have a vision. They have a grand design. Already this design is beginning to work modestly but effectively in educational radio. It can and must be exploited to the full in the new and more arresting medium.

But these communicators are yet too small in number to do the job alone. Tomorrow, out of the campus studios, will come more of their kind. However, unless they can be offered the money and the status to make careers in educational broadcasting the best of them will be wooed and won by the commercial broadcasters, who will hitch their talent and training to a sale rather than to a star. Our society needs salesmen. But it also needs communicators—badly.

Somehow—either through the medium of private foundations or that of the legislatures or perhaps through the miracle of box-office, subscription video, in which people will pay for the programs they choose to watch—the educators must find the financial wherewithal to build and operate their TV stations and to place them in the hands of top creative talent.

If the educators fail, educational TV, for all its promise, will not fly; it will merely limp. If the educators succeed, then educational TV may prove to be the catalyst of an American cultural renaissance—or, if you prefer, of an American cultural nativity.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

Music to My Ears

VINAY'S TRISTAN AND MORE OF HINES—CANTELLI CHEZ NBC

RAMON VINAY'S first New York Tristan (he had sung the part previously in San Francisco) was the most promising if not the most perfect vocal feat of the Metropolitan's first month. His uncertainty and lack of assurance gave Fritz Reiner a bad three hours and fifty-eight minutes in the pit (the curtain fell at 11:58, two minutes short of expensive overtime), but at the end one could look back on a manly richness of sound and a lyric kind of utterance which only Melchior among Metropolitan Tristans in the last score of years has excelled. (Svanholm's Tristan is much more adroit, but not nearly so expressive in sound).

Vinay showed not only aptitude in the first act and emotion in the second, but also staying power in the third. Whether or not (as some opinion suggested) singing Tristan will render him less usable for the Italian roles he has sung previously remains to be seen and heard; but it would hardly be a deprivation to us (or Vinay) in any case. Otellos and Radames of his quality are hardly historic; but he can be one of the fine Tristans of recent years if he can learn to "speak" the part as well as he sings it. Currently, his German is an approximation of the proper syllables, the word meanings only infrequently stressed. But the vocal power and dramatic resource of his third act were more impressive than even Melchior's at a like stage of development on this same Metropolitan stage, c. 1930.

Reiner's direction of the score was skilful and well-tempered, after some inordinately slow tempi in the first act. He had a short-scaled Helen Traubel to contend with—and also to atone for. Her conception grows steadily in warmth and temperament, while her scale steadily contracts to the point where she is not really comfortable with any tone above A. In the range she could manage this was a performance full of tenderness and art, but one wondered whether it wouldn't be better for the youthful Blanche Thebom to emerge as a vocally assertive Isolde, with Traubel as a great Brangaene. Impractical, I suppose, in terms of temperaments and traditions, no matter how reasonable. Paul Schoeffler's splendid Kurwenal, graphic in action, telling in voice, and Sven Nilsson's accomplished Mark were meaningful elements in the stage

—*Sedge Leblang.*

Ramon Vinay—"aptitude . . . emotion . . . staying power."

direction of Dino Yanapoulos, the first act being especially coherent. A number of usual cuts in the third act were disregarded by Reiner, adding to an impression of length; but the texture and detail of the score were examined and re-created in a thoroughly personal way.

In the season's seventh "Don Carlo" Jerome Hines added another impersonation of quality to his record by moving from one side of the argument to the other to sing Philip II, with Hans Hotter in the former Hines role of the Grand Inquisitor. I can't say that Hines gave as much personal quality to the role as Siepi did, but it was a creation of high credit for this brilliant young artist. Delia Rigal's growing confidence showed itself in the expanding ease of her Elisabetta, as Thebom's Eboli added also to esteem for her vocal versatility.

* * *

A PROLONGED period in which the NBC Orchestra will be under the star of Arturo Toscanini if under the direction of Guido Cantelli was ushered in by a program in which the young disciple of the Maestro conducted Mozart's "Musikalische Spass," Rossini's "Semiramide" Overture, and the "Undertow" score of William Schuman. Each of the works, for all the divergence of styles, was beautifully articulated by this greatly gifted young man, for whom the orchestra plays with self-evident devotion and

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affection. It was a pleasure to hear the Mozart take-off on his inept contemporaries done with so much attention to detail, though one wondered if Cantelli weren't straining at a gnat in trying to make Mozart's calculated gaucheries really expressive of the Salzburger's immortal art. Equally brilliant in their diverse ways were the scintillant "Semiramide" and the complex "Undertow." Such clarity of texture and justice of execution as Cantelli arranged in the Schuman score bespeak a musical intelligence really unique. Rather grotesquely, the verbal matter of the hour was devoted to extolling the merits of various sponsors, with no information whatsoever about the musical works, however familiar or recondite. It might do for Schumann, but how about Schuman?

* * *

IN BRIEF: The problem of giving a successful jazz concert was no more solved by Erroll Garner, a Negro pianist of brilliant gifts, at his Town Hall concert last week than it has been by others of similar gifts in times past. When all is said and done such a solo stint as he undertook—with the assistance and sometimes the collaboration of John Simmonds, a fine bass player, and "Shadow" Wilson, an accomplished drummer—is essentially an entertainment. To be entertaining for two hours on end is a feat to tax the most accomplished, whether the line is embellishment of such pop tunes as "People Will Say We're in Love," "Honeysuckle Rose," and "Paper Moon" or such exploitation of personality as Eddie Cantor practises. Garner is undoubtedly an individualist in his approach, in which he seeks to phrase and inflect on the piano as a tenor saxophone player does with his instrument or a trumpeter with his horn. To this he adds harmonic color possible only on the piano. It is certainly exciting and full of rhythmic ingenuity but a little unremitting in its "See what a good boy am I" emphasis.

The music minded attracted by promise of a Francis Poulenc score for the "charade with music" called "Ring Round the Moon" will find the charade more conspicuous than the music, but not distressingly so. Poulenc's interpolations are very much in the mood of the bittersweet play, but it is the verbal doings of Denholm Elliott, Lucile Watson, and Oscar Karlweis which season the evening appropriately. In other words, if the pull of Poulenc should draw a music lover to the Martin Beck, where "Ring Round the Moon" is playing, he could hardly be less than grateful, music or no.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

INTELLECTUAL ALLERGIES

(*Continued from page 6*)

Yalta or Crimean Conference. We were pursued and cursed throughout the San Francisco Conference, I felt, by the Yalta agreements. We tried scrupulously to abide by these agreements, and yet from time to time one side accused the other of endeavoring to break them. Evidently some of the agreements did not mean the same thing to the Russians and to us.

The dangerous word "democratic" was one source of grave difficulty. At Yalta, we had been informed, steps were taken "to reorganize the existing Provisional Government in Poland on a broader democratic basis, so as to include democratic leaders now in Poland and those abroad." What did this mean to the Russians? Certainly "democratic" meant something to them quite different from our understanding.

The word has a favorable connotation; it is a good thing to be democratic. And so our Soviet friends, believing profoundly in the excellence of their own form of government, consider it, I gather, the most democratic in the world, perhaps the only truly democratic state. And so, I conjecture, when setting up a new government in another country they regard as "democratic" only the leaders and the citizens who believe thoroughly in the Soviet system. Even if these should be in a comparatively small minority they alone should be considered citizens. The majority, comprised of the non-Communist groups, should be disregarded, considered "Fascists." This is merely my personal interpretation. I may be wrong about it, but that is the way it looks to me. And I am sure that our Russian allies believe honestly and sincerely that the only way to build a state on a "democratic" basis is to build on the complete dominance of the Communist group.

But that is not what *we* mean by a democratic basis. We believe we want to protect minorities and individual rights. We want to achieve for each country a government representing the desires of the majority of all the inhabitants of the country, excluding only the obvious Quislings—and there were no Quislings in Poland. So whenever the Polish question came up at San Francisco we thought the Russians were behaving badly and not keeping their pledged word; and they apparently thought the same of us. So it was difficult to arrive at any sort of understanding. And this difficulty has persisted since San Francisco whenever the question of the government of a liberated country has come up. We had better stop using the word "democratic" in this connection and find some other expression on both sides, because you can never arrive at a compromise or adjustment unless you really know clearly what it is you are differing about.

The word "independence" in the trusteeship section of the Charter caused long discussion among the five Powers and one could profitably analyze the different significance it held for each. Just recently I have seen another interesting example of the different interpretations of words. We think we have a "free press," and we think the Russian press is not free because it is rigidly controlled by the Soviet government. But the Russians think they have a truly "free press" and that we have what they call a "slave press" because it is controlled by capitalists. What do the words "free press" mean?

It is absolutely necessary for us to get along with the Russians in the close quarters of this planet. We cannot move out to Mars. We must work together to make the United Nations succeed. So we must learn to negotiate with them, to arrive at agreements that will stick. This can be done, but it is extremely difficult and requires our best brains and thought. We must struggle hard to understand what is in their minds and to find words which clearly unite us in our plans.

I said earlier that words were often a barrier because they aroused in the minds of different peoples different ideas, different backgrounds of circumstances and tradition, and different emotions. We need therefore to have a great deal of information about the background of circumstance and tradition and emotion of the Russians of today before we can understand what is in their minds and find words on which we can really unite. And they must have a great deal of information about us. But in spite of all the books

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about Russia we do not seem really to get much information as to what she is doing. Had she told us what was actually happening to those sixteen "democratic" Polish leaders who so mysteriously disappeared I have often thought the episode might not have seemed so ominous and alarming as it did. Freedom in the exchange of information regarding what is actually happening within our two countries and in the lands we control should help us to understand what is in each other's minds. I trust that soon we may achieve such free exchange of information.

Because I have been occupied in illustrating difficulties about words I have given an unduly pessimistic picture of our dealings with the Russians at San Francisco. But for the most part we actually worked together effectively and cheerfully. I should like to pay warm tribute to my own "opposite numbers," the Soviet delegates in the technical committees on which I represented the United States. In this close association on details of the Charter I found them highly intelligent and agreeable associates. We seemed to understand each other and we became good friends.

What can we learn from all this experience? What can we do to help break down the barriers of words and make them precise and effective means of communication between nations?

First, we can insist more urgently than we do on precise and clear thought. In our schools we can require really rigorous intellectual discipline, logical thinking, accurate, definite expression. Is that dull for the students? Not at all. It is fun; hard mental gymnastics are good sport. And on the results of it the fate of the world may depend.

Second, we must improve our already considerable efforts to convey to all our students knowledge of other countries as well as our own, of their histories, their circumstances, their ideals, so that as future citizens our graduates can begin to understand what is in the minds of the peoples, what their words really mean, how we can communicate with them and so cooperate.

Third, we can concentrate, as many institutions are doing, on a few of our best students, train them rigorously in accurate thinking, in the clear use of English, in at least one foreign language, in a sound foundation of history and social sciences, and in a specialized knowledge of one country or region of the world. This selected group will presumably go on to some form of service abroad or at home and help fill our great national shortage of persons skilled in international relations.

Fourth, our scholars can continue to make studies in this field of semantics, —the meanings of words as affecting international agreement and cooperation. A colleague of mine at San Francisco has suggested that we should have for immediate American use an "Interdictionary of Charter Words," built primarily of careful translations of the words used in context by other nations. This need is very great, she points out. Without it we are suspicious and irritated by objections and interpretations for which we see no reason.

Virginia C. Gildersleeve, dean emeritus of Barnard College, was a U. S. delegate to the United Nations Conference on International Organization at San Francisco in 1945. *This essay is based on an address she delivered at the University of Pennsylvania.*

HUMOR

(*Continued from page* 18)

with laughter. A fine team of researchers, they have combed through well over a thousand short stories and articles, more than a hundred books, scores of newspaper columns. Their eye-strain has resulted in a good selection of the more amusing pieces of the year. S. J. Perelman and John Lardner, Ogden Nash and Wolcott Gibbs, Billy Rose and John Mason Brown are among those present.

Mr. Perelman, in "Pain Counterpane," certainly brightens things with a crackling satire of a copywriter's hallelujah to a particular brand of bed linens. Mr. Lardner is represented by "On and Off the Road to Ruin"—a brisk lampoon of the chi-chi shopping columns in the swank magazines.

This book is not limited to the satirists. In addition to some verse and drawings the anthologists have included perhaps a half dozen stories in which some genuinely entertaining characters are created. In "Matthew and the Lace Curtain," Joseph Carroll's loquacious, puckish Irishman has made the jump from *Collier's* into the arms of some other funny people milling around in the book—and retained his humor, too, despite the scintillating company.

In their foreword the editors note that this "Best" is the first of what they hope will be an annual series. A good idea, if only because most of us will be able to clear our shelves of the dog-eared magazines, newspapers, and clippings we collect each year in an effort to preserve the best humor.

LAUGHTER INCORPORATED, by Bennett Cerf. Garden City Books. $1.50. *SRL* readers need no introduction to Bennett Cerf — nor, for that matter, to much of the material in this book. "Laughter Incorporated" is perhaps the final resting place for the anecdotes, gags, puns, wisecracks, jokes, and all-around Cerfian humor that have appeared under his by-line in this and a half dozen other magazines since the publication of "Shake Well Before Using."

As you'd expect, Mr. Cerf has a fine collection of stories to tell. They deal with the humor of the man-in-the-street as well as that of celebrities of all types. The book is fun, even for those who have read some of the stories earlier. In a foreword Mr. Cerf modestly says "if even a quarter of [the stories] are new to you—if they provide you with a few real laughs—you've had your money's worth." Mr. Cerf is batting well above .250. —BERNARD KALB.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MAN WITH A CALICO FACE *Shelley Smith* (Harper: $2.50)	Young mistress of British estate (replete with parasitic residents) found dead. A final hanging but the real criminal—lack of understanding between human beings—gets away.	Not a detective story in usual sense. The author is sleuthing into the blind clash of desires and fears.	By all means
MURDER IN MONTANA *Muriel Bradley* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Scion of Helena first family killed by fiancée's car. M.D. friend suspects otherwise and dies. Family, friends, and police finally fumble into solution.	One of those where beautiful gals always get trapped through disobeying police, but pleasant enough with smooth writing, local color, and assorted chills.	Average entertainment

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SRL Reader Poll

MR. AND MRS. COMIC AMERICA

IF BLONDIE were to marry LI'L ABNER, settle down in GASOLINE ALLEY, and have a daughter named PENNY it would be a romantic event which apparently would warm the hearts of a large majority of those *Saturday Review* readers who from time to time turn to the comic strips in their daily newspapers for relaxation.

These inimitable characters were the leading favorites in the *SRL* READER POLL'S current study of America's most popular art form, the comics.

The poll also disclosed that the cartoon characters and the lives they lead are a source of considerable concern to *SRL* readers, many of whom are troubled by the impact on children of the scenes of violence, crime, sex, and unreal glamour that figure in many of the strips. Parents also object to the slangy, ungrammatical talk of their children's comic heroes.

However, 70.6 per cent of those answering the questionnaire reported that they approved on the whole of their local newspaper's publishing comic strips, while no comics at all were preferred by 25.2 per cent, and 4.2 were undecided.

When asked whether they read the comics in their daily newspapers, *SRL*'s readers answered as follows:

Regularly	35.9%
Frequently	18.0%
Seldom	31.3%
Never	14.8%

Nominated as the ten top favorites in order of popularity were:

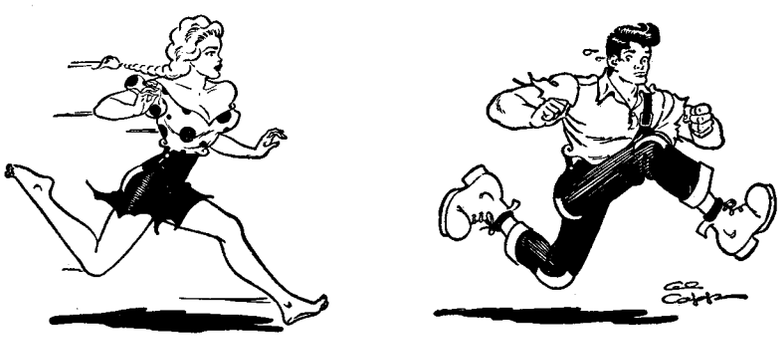
1. Blondie
2. Li'l Abner
3. Gasoline Alley
4. Penny
5. Dick Tracy
6. Steve Canyon
7. Pogo
8. Gordo
9. Terry and the Pirates
10. Moon Mullins

Principal runners-up were: Mr. and Mrs., Ferdinand, Alley Oop, Bringing Up Father, Prince Valiant, and Barnaby, with limited support for Pegler.

The following were recommended as best for children to read: 1. Blondie. 2. Gasoline Alley. 3. Nancy. 4. Donald Duck. 5. Henry. 6. Prince Valiant. 7. Pogo. 8. Napoleon. 9. Li'l Abner. 10. Katzenjammer Kids.

SRL readers by nearly a two-thirds majority considered comics on the whole suitable for children to read. Only 26.2 per cent voted the comics bad for children, while 8.7 per cent were undecided. President John R. Everett, of Hollins College, Hollins, Va., commented in answering this question, "Most children know more about understanding fantasy than their adults do. And fantasy is good for both." His favorite was Li'l Abner, with Mr. and Mrs. second. The majority of those answering this question noted that the impact of comics on children would be governed in great measure by the home environment, by the child's other reading, and by the fact that children are not inclined to translate the incidents in the strips into actual reality. Many added, in effect, the opinion that "comic books are bad, however, and are not to be confused with the newspaper comics." In a mood of "a plague o' both your houses" Fredric Wertham, psychiatrist and author, commented, "The best I can say for comic *strips* is that comic *books* are even worse."

The concern provoked in parents by the comics stemmed primarily from the following ingredients of plot, character, and incident, which are named in the order in which they were found objectionable: 1. violence. 2. crime. 3. sex. 4. partisan soap-boxing. 5. unreal glamour. 6. bad grammar, vulgar language. Paul J. Kern, a New York lawyer, registered a stiff objection to the No. 1 objectionable aspect of the comics, declaring, "Comic strips of violence are the suppurating sewer of American cultural life. They establish a wholly destructive frame of reference for the activity of the child and in my judgment are heavily responsible for the disproportionate number of juvenile criminals."



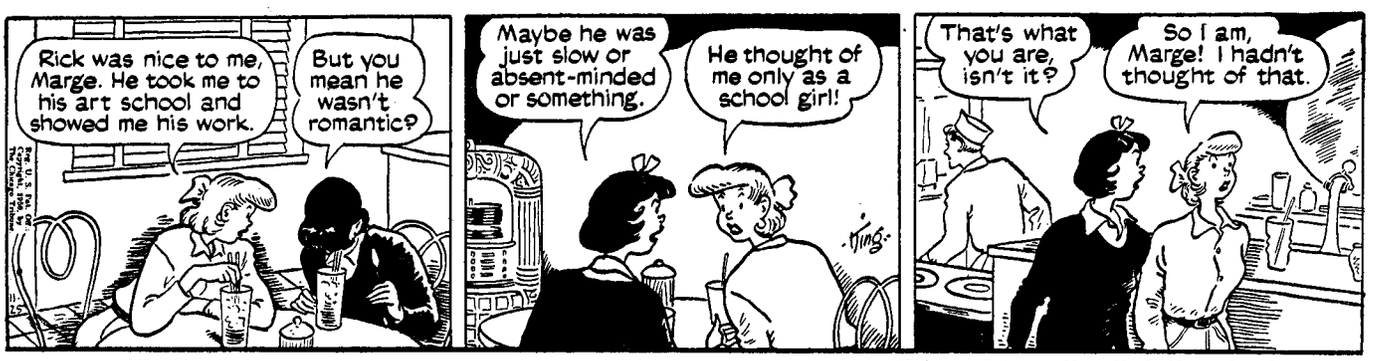
Daisy Mae's perennial chase after Li'l Abner.

In documenting their various objections to comic strips *SRL* readers referred most often to Little Orphan Annie and Dick Tracy as specific examples of what they had in mind. Nearly forty other strips were also mentioned, however.

The prevailing attitude of *SRL* readers toward the comics is best summed up by another New York lawyer, Alexander Hehmeyer, who commented at length:

> As a parent I know that every child must, for better or worse, learn to live in his own culture and with his own generation. So long as comic strips are published and widely read they constitute part of the culture our children have to live in. Therefore, I believe it would be more harmful to prohibit them from reading comic strips than to permit some exposure.

—WILLIAM D. PATTERSON.


Rick was nice to me, Marge. He took me to his art school and showed me his work.
But you mean he wasn't romantic?
Maybe he was just slow or absent-minded or something.
He thought of me only as a school girl!
That's what you are, isn't it?
So I am, Marge! I hadn't thought of that.

—*Chicago Tribune: New York News Syndicate, Inc.*

Gasoline Alley — "Too True."

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

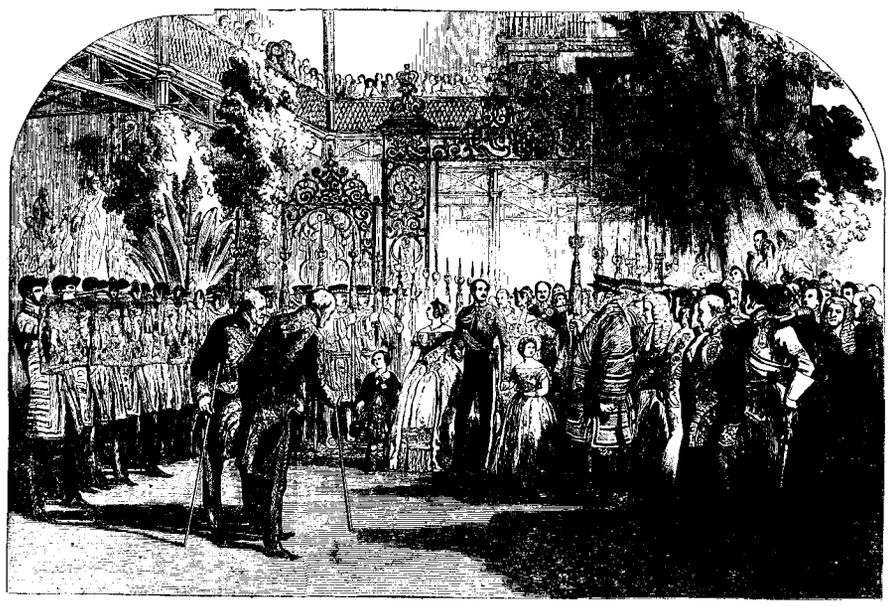
TRIPARTITE PARTY

SO MANY nationalistic enterpreneurs have sprung up in Europe it's going to be mighty quiet around our block this summer. If there is anyone left in Manhattan or Minnewauken it won't be the fault of those extravaganza planners beyond the seas. Everybody with a couple of spare C's or enough collateral to assuage the Morris Plan will be over on the other side singing happy birthday to Paris on her two-thousandth year, feasting at the Festival of Britain, or going home to the Greek Homecoming. Nothing has been heard from Lichtenstein, Latvia, or Perle Mesta.

It's all a huge coincidence, say the French, the British, and the Greeks. They also say the celebrations are based on historical fact, more or less. It came about like this: in 1851, the heyday of British Victorianism, Britain put on a great exhibition which for some reason or other was called The Great Exhibition of 1851. It commemorated the midpoint of British prosperity, and it was the original intention of the current British ideamen to commemorate the commemoration. The theme was expanded along with the plans, so that now the Festival will mark British achievements on behalf of civilization, it will sound a note of thanksgiving for the survival of Britain in two wars, and it will symbolize British hopes for the future.

Paris is celebrating its bimillenary anniversary, a fete which is becoming known in the travel trade as the "hat party." Jules Romains was in New York recently, and at a meeting at the French Cultural Service he recalled that in 53 B. C. Caesar summoned a general assembly of Gallic tribes at Lutetia, which was already being called the city of the Parisians. Two thousand years from 53 B. C. brings us to 1947. Why the party was postponed from 1947 to 1951 is a fact equally dark to M. Romains and me, and I shall not be one to buck what passes in France for logic. I like them that way. Furthermore, the French have clearly emphasized that this is their private birthday party, but in view of what America has done for them in the war and all, they are pleased to cut us in.

The Greeks hopped on 1951 because it represents the 130th anniversary of their independence from Turkey, a nation which held them in bondage for 400 years. Things have been so tough in Greece, where the land and the politics have been rocky for centuries, that Greek colonies have sprung up all over the world. Many émigrés settled in Egypt and Turkey, and there are clusters of Greeks in South Africa, India, Australia, and Latin America. The United States has half a million first and second generation citizens of Greek descent. To these people, and to the friends of Greece, the government has issued an invitation to come home in 1951.



—*Bettmann Archive.*

The Crystal Palace, London—"heyday of British Victorianism."

Certainly the most widespread of all the celebrations will be the one undertaken by the British. Although a formidable group of modernistic fair buildings is already growing up along the South Bank of the Thames between Waterloo Bridge and Westminster Bridge, the planners are quick to point out that the Festival will be held all over Britain. The London exhibit will be what the English are calling the "centrepiece" of the Festival. To be opened by the King on May 3 it will run through September 20 and will depict British efforts in the fields of exploration and discovery, industry, and transport. It will portray Britain at home, on the sea, and in the field of sport. A permanent concert hall, billed simply as the finest in the world, is under construction, and its scientifically-perfected walls will resound with the efforts of those three Americans, Koussevitsky, Toscanini, and Stokowski.

In Battersea Park, nearby, there will be a traditional midway to be known, quaintly, as the Pleasure Gardens. Since Battersea Park is also on the river the South Bank Exhibition and the Pleasure Gardens will be connected by water buses. Poplar, one of London's worst slum areas, badly bombed by the war, will be the site of a model town—a veritable example of the quintessence of town planning. After the Festival the exhibit will become permanent living quarters for the neediest slum residents. In the meanwhile Britain is calling on her artists to paint, on her sculptors to sculpt, on her composers to compose, on her poets to write. Even Jack Solomons has been called upon to plan a world's heavyweight boxing match, presuming he can find two fighters to fight.

ACROSS the channel, the French will waste no time getting the bimillenary year under way. The hoopla starts on December 31 with the arrival in Paris of the one-millionth airplane passenger. How it has been arranged to have the millionth passenger arrive exactly at the beginning of the year of celebration is a matter which must be ascribed to visionary planning. The first Sunday in April twenty groups of local politicos representing each of the arrondissements will march on the city hall. On the second Sunday in April 2,000 elderly Parisians will be honored at a banquet which will be served by school children. A feature will be a birthday cake with no less than 2,000 candles. The same month there is to be a Parisian Song Festival highlighted by the unveiling of a special bimillenary song (what rhymes

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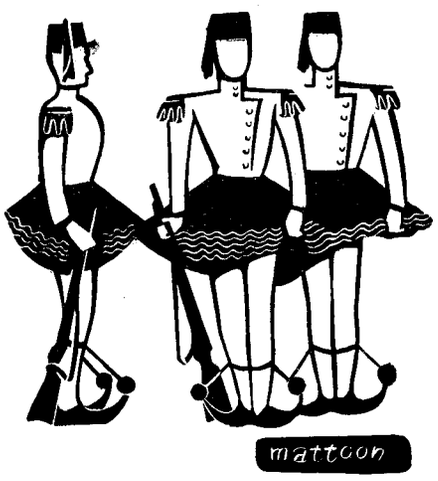
with *that*?) composed and rendered by Maurice Chevalier.

All during May balconies from Neuilly to Vincennes will be decorated with flowers, in a citywide competition for the best looking balcony in town. Student week begins May 15, and on the 31st the great square court of the Louvre will be transformed into an outdoor concert hall seating 10,000 people. With the court lighted by searchlights of the French Navy, the concert will be opened by the trumpet calls composed by Lully for the coronation of Louis XIV. On the program is "Symphonie Fantastique" of Berlioz.

The first week of June is devoted to Paris elegance and the Plâce Vendome, the second week to Montparnasse with young artists guiding visitors through the studios of the great. June 10 is Rabelais Night, to be marked by a food display in Les Halles, the market center, and a medieval parade. June 15 is Victor Hugo night and on June 20 the world's champion bicycle riders will compete in a 120 kilometer race starting at midnight, passing each of the twenty local borough halls, and finishing in front of the Paris City Hall at three A.M.

If anybody is still up and about by that time July 8, for no particular reason, has been designated as *the* birthday of Paris. Delegations from the provinces and from foreign countries *en costume* will take part in a grand



carnival. In August the festivities will move out to the nearby chateaux—Versailles, Fontainebleau, Compiègne, and Rambouillet. In September the "Boats of Yesterday and Today" will stream down the Seine in an after-dark festival.

OVER in Greece, which is four hours by air from Rome, the ECA would like to get the word around that in the first place there is no longer any guerilla fighting and, secondly, don't come expecting too much. It's a long whistle from being the Riviera, and touristically the country is probably twenty years behind France and Italy. There are three officially designated "de luxe" hotels in Athens—the Grand Bretagne, the King George, and the Acropole Palace—all of which could probably squeak by as "first class" in the European scheme of classification. A single room with bath costs about four dollars a day. Other hotels like the Minerva, the Angleterre, the Splendide, and the Grand National charge about two or three dollars a day, but after that don't bother. There are about half a dozen continental restaurants in Athens which run about fifteen per cent cheaper than Paris or Rome, and there are also any number of *tavernas* serving a combination of Greek and Turkish food. The fare in the *tavernas* leans heavily to rice and oil and generally doesn't agree with the corn-flakes-trained stomachs of Americans.

The Greeks probably won't be decorating any balconies with flowers nor even building a model city out of slums, but they are going to revive the Festival of Delphi at the ancient Delphi shrine, three hours by road from Athens. Here at the scene of the

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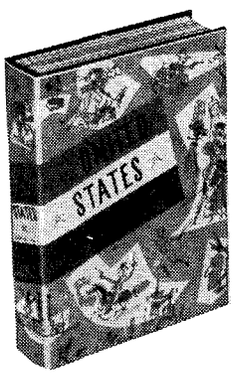

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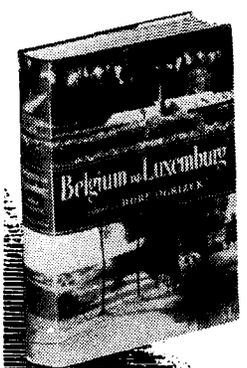

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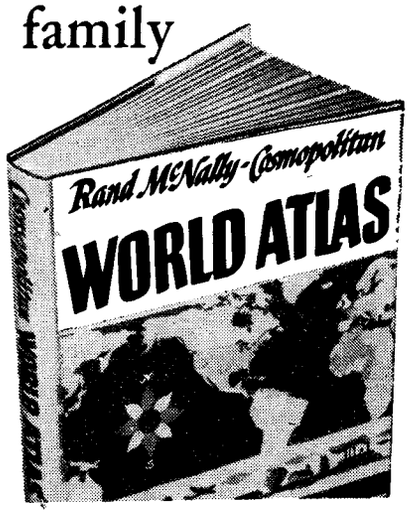

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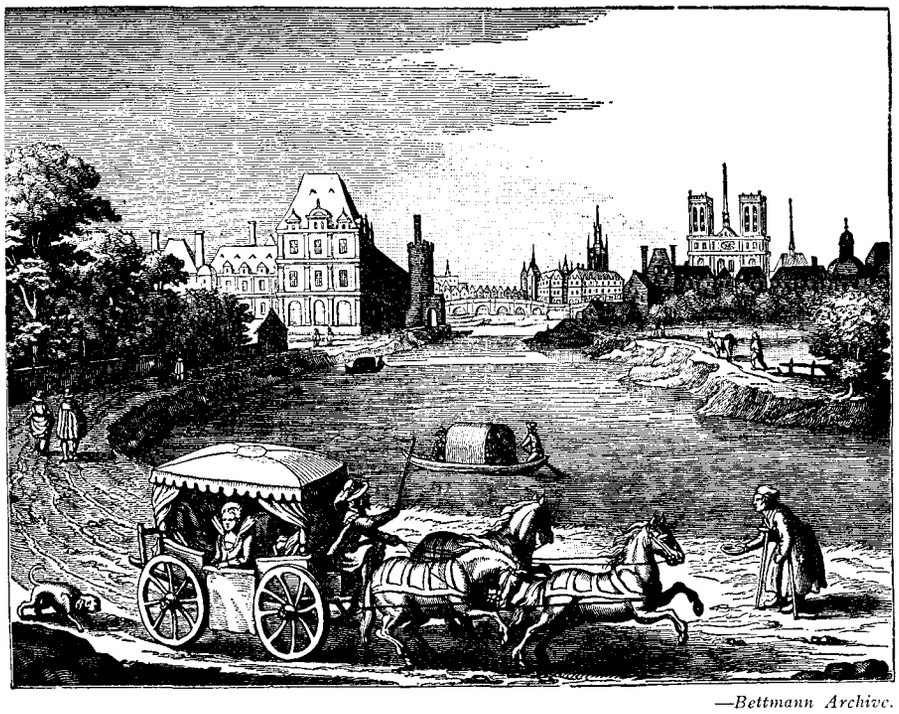

—*Bettmann Archive.*

Paris in the time of Louis XIV—on its way to birthday 2000.

Pythian games held every four years, and the seat of the Delphic oracle, the Greeks will replay their ancient tragedies and try to establish a modern intellectual shrine such as Salzburg, Edinburgh, and Stratford-upon-Avon. Greece's greatest tourist attraction, the Olympian Games, held every four years to honor Zeus, have, like her art treasures, and her restaurateurs, been borrowed by the other countries of the world.

—HORACE SUTTON.

TRAVELERS' TALES

BELGIUM AND LUXEMBOURG, edited by Doré Ogrizek. McGraw-Hill. $6. Number umpteen in the World in Color series is mainly a book on Belgium with some fifteen pages about Luxembourg tacked on. Since this book is to be more or less a permanent work existing beyond the tenure of ambassadors, there is not one word among the fifteen pages about Madame Mesta, who can be credited with putting the Grand Duchy on the conversational map. Fifty pages are devoted to three centuries of Flemish art with accompanying illustrations in color, and the rest of the book maintains par for the series by including a sketch or an old print or a map in color on almost every page. The text, while not as labored as some volumes in this series, still had me stumbling over such ecclesiastical expressions as "retable" and "polyptch" and such puffy sentences as "His portrait is in the former prison, now disused."

FESTIVALS USA, by Robert Meyer, Jr. Ives Washburn. $4.50. Fruits, flowers, logs, horses, and bucking steers are among the reasons why Americans stage some 1200 festivals every year. Mr. Meyer, a festival fancier, who operates Festival Information Service has compiled a fat list of them, in most cases providing the background for the celebration and, as well, facts on the landmarks and national parks which might be encountered en route. The festivals are taken up according to the state in which each occurs, beginning with the Lobster and Seafood Festival of Maine and ending with the Watermelon Eating Contest of Leesburg, Florida. Somewhere in between are some words about the Bean Soup Homecoming Day at McClure, Pennsylvania, the Rattlesnake Roundup at Okeene, Oklahoma, not to mention the Tin Can Tourist Reunion of Traverse City, Michigan.

—H. S.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Belinda, in "Time to Light the Furnace," by Christopher Morley. 2. Sir Rupert Murgatroyd, in "Ruddigore," by W. S. Gilbert. 3. "The Ancient Mariner," by Coleridge. 4. Lemuel Gulliver, in "Gulliver's Travels," by Jonathan Swift. 5. Neville St. Clair, in "The Man with the Twisted Lip," by Conan Doyle. 6. Charles Condomine, in "Blithe Spirit," by Noel Coward. 7. James Clarence Withencroft, in "August Heat," by W. F. Harvey. 8. Mahaina, in "Erewhon," by Samuel Butler. 9. Conrad, in "A Medieval Romance," by Mark Twain. 10. Sganarelle, in "The Doctor in Spite of Himself," by Molière.

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FICTION

(*Continued from page 15*)

heavenly passages between her and the humorless, interfering heiress who means to marry Charles. The plot, as such, is not the important part of Miss Heyer's books. What recommends them most in this dreary world is the sheer fun of them.

The Regency period is peculiarly Miss Heyer's own, and "The Grand Sophy" is one of her very best. No one is more adept at combining the amusing idiom of the time with an undated wit to make dialogue that crackles with life. No one creates characters so entirely without anachronisms yet so convincingly flesh and blood. There is nothing of the egad-forsooth style in her books, but the very essence of the swaggering, coaching, gaming set is on every page. If there is any justice in the writing world, which is sometimes questionable, Miss Heyer's public will continue to increase substantially.

—Elswyth Thane.

BEST SHORT STORIES BY AFRO-AMERICAN WRITERS, edited by Nick Aaron Ford and H. L. Faggett. Meador Publishing Co., Boston. $3. The newspaper-short short story is seldom of much literary interest. Its form has become rather rigidly established. A simple situation must be resolved with dispatch and preferably with a surprise twist at the end. There is rarely room for characterization. This collection of short stories which have appeared in the pages of the *Afro-American* over the past twenty-five years is in the established tradition and has the standard limitations. There are crime and detective stories, love stories, humorous stories, stories of domestic contretemps. And there are the usual attempts at surprise endings which, more often than not, fail to surprise. More importantly, since these are stories written originally for a Negro audience, there are a large number of stories which deal with the special problem of the Negro in our society. Unfortunately, too rigid adherence to the standards of the short short has kept most of the writers from saying anything noteworthy on the subject. One exception can be noted; two stories by Albert Monn—"The Award" and "Our Country"—show considerable skill and emotional intensity.

The editors have contributed an introduction which sets forth high aims. If the collection does not quite achieve these, it is heartening to know they are being striven for.

—Edward J. Fitzgerald.

THE CHOICE, by Marc Brandel. Dial Press. $3. Mr. Brandel's thriller describes the effect on seven different people of threatening letters sent to them by a sexual psychopath. The psychopath is a roach exterminator, who works in mid-town Manhattan.

In the course of one of his business calls he meets a young woman who excites him tremendously. Indeed, he experiences what psychiatrists have recently defined as a "schizothymic crisis"—he determines to possess and subdue the girl by killing her. In the ecstasy of this criminal decision he writes a series of identical letters announcing that he intends to "exterminate" their recipients. One of these he sends to the girl herself, five to names selected from his list of clients, and one to an invented name at a random address. All the letters he signs "Ned Marlowe," who is one of the seven addressees.

Misunderstandings, anxieties, and self-revelations ensue. Some of the victims run into each other as they try to track down or to propitiate the author of the letters. The knot, having been tied as tightly as Mr. Brandel can manage, is abruptly cut by having the exterminator commit suicide.

It is highly improbable, of course, that none of several people threatened with violent death should call on the police for help. But if the reader for purposes of entertainment is willing to let this pass, then the novel is quite gripping and, in a sense, plausible. For Mr. Brandel is very good at creating impressions, especially sinister ones, of New York. He evokes sensations of the lurking terror of the great city He has a sharp eye for the floating, rootless types of humanity.

Though readable enough, in places the story definitely does not stand up under sober inspection. The most serious flaw is Mr. Brandel's handling of the girl who fatefully stimulates the roach man. We are given to understand, through other characters, that she has special qualities. But she seems merely to drift through the book, and as a result the psychological action is never clearly focused. No amount of incidental virtuosity can gloss over this failure. —E. B. Garside.

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THE CANDID WORD		
"THE CANDID MICROPHONE," Vol. 1. Allen Funt; orch. cond. by Bernard Green. (On-the-spot candid recordings.) Columbia LP: ml 4344*	Quality of portable "tapy-talkie" recordings surprisingly good — always intelligible. Studio music bridges are harshly hi-fi, along with Funt's lumbering comment.	A mixed blessing—some of these are most warmly human, others are mere practical jokes, humorously sadistic. Good party entertainment.
PROKOFIEFF: "PETER AND THE WOLF." Eleanor Roosevelt; Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky. RCA Victor LP: LM 45 (10")*	No end to Mrs. R.'s activities! This is quite delightful. She hasn't the polished technique of other professional "Peter" readers; syllables often slurred, dramatic timing a bit clumsy. But her grandmotherly warmth is refreshing and kids will enjoy (nor question an ex-First Lady's right to storytell!). Music is luminously played and recorded; close-to sound, yet warm. Excellent.	
SAINT-SAENS: "CARNIVAL OF THE ANIMALS" (VERSES BY OGDEN NASH). Noel Coward; Andre Kostelanetz & his orch., Hambro and Zayde, pianos. Columbia LP: ml 4355*	An inspired fantasy—Ogden Nash verses (specially composed) mixed into familar Saint-Saëns score! Works out beautifully, the zany poetry enhancing Saint-S., with latest streamlined dramatic technique. But voice should have been Nash himself! Coward's exaggerated r's, eyebrow-arching manner, overdo it; his words aren't easy to get, either. Nash, given enthusiasm, reads his own verse to perfection—see his Decca album (#342). Beautiful recording, brilliant piano playing.	
THE LP POTPOURRI		
"TWILIGHT CONCERT." Columbia Symphony, Rodzinski. Columbia LP: ml 4311*	Recording companies tend to lavish engineering on these potpourris. Some here show best recording to date of standard orchestra. Ideal hi-fi demonstration stuff. "Twilight" is surely Columbia's best to date—big depth, presence, sharp, warm highs, great clarity. Terrific. London's "Highlights" is similar, more shiny, not quite as clear; the Suisse Romande disc is too "ffrr" for me—razor-sharp highs, very close (but many will love their "edge"). The Russian records, from 78 shellacs, hiss unmercifully; quality not bad, though highly uneven. OK on small machines; hi-fi users keep clear.	One hardly buys these for individual works — they make fine background listening (we all do it) with some excellent odd items for the foreground. "Twilight" with Rodzinski, is highest level playing ranging from "Wm. Tell" through Liszt, Debussy, "Mids. Night's Dream," Rachmaninoff, etc.; good stuff. "Op. Highlights" isn't far behind ("Bartered B," "Hansel," "Forza"). Beecham descends to lower level, with accurate, mannered performances — "Dance of Hours," "Merry Wives," etc. The Suisse Romande concert, similar stuff, is more on dinner-music level of performance; rather insipid playing. The Russian stuff is good except for some bad intonation, moments of poor ensemble.
"OPERATIC HIGHLIGHTS" (orch.). London Philharmonic; Zolti, Kisch. London LP: LLP 200		
"SIR THOMAS BEECHAM" conducting Royal Philharmonic, Columbia Symphony Orchestras. Columbia LP: ml 2134 (10")*		
"ORCHESTRAL CONCERT." Orch. de la Suisse Romande, Olof. London LP: LLP. 225		
"BALLET MUSIC" (Russian) . Various Russian Orchestras. Colosseum LP: CRLP 102		
BEETHOVEN — SYMPHONY ADDITIONS		
BEETHOVEN: SYMPHONY #8. San Francisco Symphony, Monteux. RCA Victor LP: LM 43 (10")*	Needs brighter, sharper edge than this quiet RCA recording (quite low-level) gives it—high end almost flat; miking rather distant. Good liveness.	Well played—yet Monteux seems to miss sense of this Teutonically unsimple work, half-playful, sudden violence, melting lyricisms. Mengelberg (Cap. LP), though eccentric, gets the idea much better.
BEETHOVEN: SYMPHONY #7. Amsterdam Concertgebouw, Kleiber. London LP: LLP. 240 *Comparison:* (SAME) Boston Symphony, Munch. RCA Victor LP: LM 1034	Super hi-fi, ffrr style, and many will love it. But ultra-silky strings, close-to, aren't really too natural. The RCA 7th, more distant, narrower, is as good a musical sound. Both beat all earlier recordings.	Kleiber's 7th is solid, dynamic, with much good detail; but Munch's for RCA (Boston) is cleaner, more efficiently potent. Kleiber introd., 2nd mvt. unusually fast. —EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

* *Also other speeds.*

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A PECULIAR BLEND

(*Continued from page 19*)

false and artificial in art as well was responsible for that directness and simplicity of his writings which give the impression not of fiction but of intensified life itself. Deliberately avoiding complicated plots, he concentrates instead on characterization, psychology, and fundamental realities.

FOR this reason his characters become all the more concrete and three-dimensional. We move among them, rejoice and suffer with them, and seem to know them better than we know ourselves. Natasha Rostova, for example, ceases to be a fictional portrait and becomes a vital experience of the reader's own life. Tolstoy, more than any other artist, knows the secret of imbuing his pages with something that is bigger, more intense, and more real than reality itself.

This applies even to most of the fiction he wrote after his "conversion"; that is, at a time when he saw the world in black and white and when, in his oversimplified interpretation of the Sermon on the Mount, he wanted to turn Christ Himself into a Tolstoyan. The tersely written "Master and Man" and "The Death of Ivan Ilyich," "Hadji Murat," "The Devil," the best parts of his last big novel, "Resurrection," the peasant drama "The Power of Darkness" are masterpieces in spite of the obvious moral purpose sticking out of them. In short, he could not kill his own genius even though he denounced all esthetic art as being evil and made a literary pogrom on Shakespeare himself—in the name of morality.

No one will question the genuineness of Tolstoy's moral fervor. Yet his apotheosis of the would-be Christian nihilism and the Rousseauesque "natural man" in one was the only alternative by which he hoped to replace the evils of civilization. He devised a kind of vegetative puritanic millennium; or rather a Utopia from the other end—a Utopia summoning man to run away from civilization instead of bravely coping with it. In fact, Tolstoy took the line of least resistance. The more so because the dilemma of our present-day humanity is not how to turn our backs on civilization, but how to assimilate it and overcome its evils so as not to be assimilated and crushed by them.

This certainly is a much more formidable task, and here Tolstoy the moralist and the prophet can be of little help to us. Quite another matter is Tolstoy the artist. He may not have reached the spiritual depths of a Dostoievsky (whose apocalyptic moods seem to be rather in tune with what is now happening in the world). On the other hand, Tolstoy's full-blooded love and affirmation of life, his keen psychological sense, as well as his clairvoyant handling of those fundamentals without which human existence would indeed become a sad and hollow affair, have few equals. In this respect his work can still serve as a stimulus and a message—provided we know how to take it even in spite of the "other" Tolstoy.

Janko Lavrin, professor of Slavonic languages at the University of Nottingham (England), has written critical works on Tolstoy, Dostoievsky, Goyol and Pushkin. This is the thirteenth of a series of literary re-valuations that SRL is presenting in conjunction with NBC and five universities participating in the "University of the Air."

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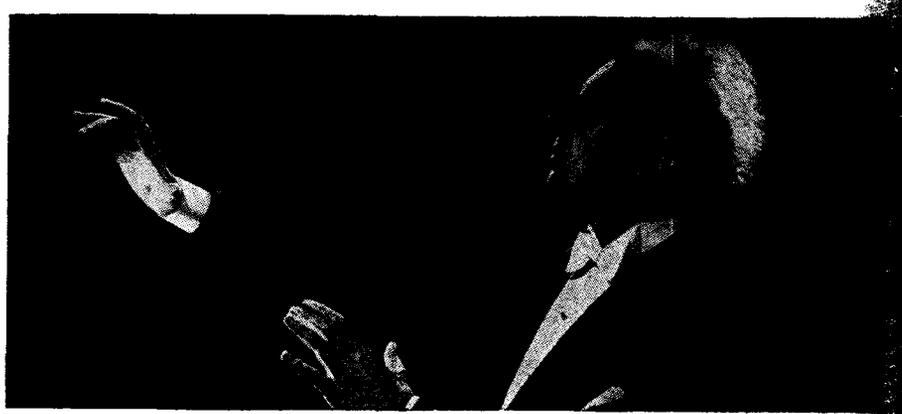

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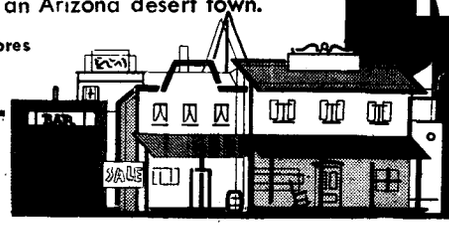

PAUL GRIFFITH

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THE TROLLOPE "revival" continues at a steady pace, to the satisfaction of many readers who have long cherished Anthony Trollope, not only as a delightful story-teller, but also as a social historian. The Oxford University Press has added "The Eustace Diamonds" (two vols., $7), with admirable illustrations by Blair Hughes-Stanton, to its beautifully designed "Crown Edition," and Alfred A. Knopf, now in the course of publishing the attractive Borzoi Trollope, has followed "Orley Farm" with "The Way We Live Now" ($3.95). The famous history of the Eustace "paraphernalia" is probably Trollope's most tightly knit novel, and its central character is one of the liveliest, if not one of his most virtuous, heroines.

"The Way We Live Now"—instigated by what the author "conceived to be the commercial profligacy of the age," in the early 1870's—is not one of his best-known or best-liked tales. Saintsbury once referred to it as "that rather dreary book," but on this occasion the critic-historian, for whom my respect is very great, was wrong. I think, too, that Marion E. Dodd in his introduction to this new edition is wrong in describing the book as a "lively 'beef and ale' novel," as there is little if any beef-eating in it, and the characters who drink confine themselves almost exclusively to wine and brandy and soda. The phrase suggests "jolly old England," and this is the England that is conspicuously absent from "The Way We Live Now." Nor is "lively" an apposite adjective to apply to Trollope's skilful, satirical depiction of a degenerating society. "Powerful" and "good" were the author's own words for the book, and they were well chosen. One can agree with him, too, when in his "Autobiography" he declares: "The character of Melmotte is well maintained. The Beargarden is amusing—and not untrue. . . . Dolly Longstaffe is, I think, very good. . . . But Roger Carbury, Paul Montague, and Henrietta Carbury are uninteresting." In this novel, as in many others, Trollope displays his ability to bring a minor character to life in only a few lines.

This is the season for gifts, and any book is a good present; but here are a few suggestions:

The Heritage Press list is well worth looking at. Recent volumes include a superbly printed edition of Bacon's "Essays," with an introduction by Christopher Morley; a rather showy edition of Pushkin's "The Golden Cockerel," with typical Edmund Dulac illustrations; a "Pilgrim's Progress," with Blake's famous water-colors; a most readable edition of Butler's "The Way of All Flesh," illustrated by Robert Ward Johnson; a beautiful version of "The Travels of Marco Polo," edited by Manuel Komroff and charmingly illustrated by Nikolai Fyodorovitch Lapshin; a well-made "Great Expectations," illustrated by Edward Ardizzone; and a charming edition of "The House of the Seven Gables," with an introduction by Van Wyck Brooks and illustrations by Valenti Angelo ($5 each).

Philip C. Duschnes—66 East 56 Street, New York City—is now importing the publications of the Folio Society of London. Of the books I have seen the most pleasing to my eye are a fine "Trilby" ($3.25), with George du Maurier's pencil sketches, and Sheridan's "The School for Scandal" ($3.75), with designs by Cecil Beaton and an introduction by Sir Laurence Olivier. Other Folio volumes, all of which give good value, are "Jorrocks' Jaunts and Jollities" ($4.25), an old favorite of mine, with Alken's peerless plates; and illustrated editions of "Candide" ($2.50), "Tales by Tolstoy" ($3.25), Trollope's "The Parson's Daughter and Other Stories" ($2.50), and Flaubert's "Salambô" ($2.95).

If you like nice bindings, you might look at the Oxford Press's boxed "quarter lambskin editions" of the "Poetical Works" of Shelley ($5), Keats ($4), Browning ($5), and Wordsworth ($4). Of these the Shelley is the best typographically. And a real bargain from the Oxford Press is the new printing of the Shakespeare Head edition of Shakespeare's "Works," complete in one large volume ($5). But it is obvious that England is still suffering from a shortage of good paper.

Hardly more expensive than Christmas cards are Simon & Schuster's prettily bound "Collectors' Editions" ($1 each), of which I have seen "Pride and Prejudice," Thomas Craven's "Pocket Book of Greek Art," and "The Merriam-Webster Pocket Dictionary."

And don't overlook the Peter Pauper Press list or the imported Penguin and Pelican books.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. A rigmarole with apparent meaning that proves to be meaningless (var. sp.).	37 177 99 20 146 70 59 91 74 164
B. The first six books of the Old Testament.	151 115 180 77 36 111 159 67 133
C. Principles determining place, time, action of a play (Aristotle's "Poetics").	152 2 117 187 144 80 55
D. Jesuit missionary to Orient, called "Apostle of the Indies" (1506-52).	163 154 72 89 1 101
E. American penologist; warden of Sing Sing prison, 1920-41 (1883-1947).	143 157 58 179 49
F. American minstrel and song writer, organized the first Negro minstrel troupe (1815-1904.).	9 31 98 172 140 125
G. Important city of South Dakota, formerly capital of Dakota Territory.	87 50 156 61 57 23 168
H. Love of the marvelous; worship of monsters.	19 134 78 53 173 48 124 153
I. Style of furniture developed in England under George III.	40 104 62 114 190 138 52 86 4 184 27
J. European white-tailed sea eagle.	29 112 14 41
K. American inventor of steamboats who claimed that Fulton had profited from his ideas (1762-1843).	103 120 60 15 113
L. A dish served between the chief courses (Fr. cookery).	162 139 106 116 161 193

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. A Pomeranian dog.	13 135 45 108 192
N. The Devil (with "the").	34 39 16 71 42 22 102 63 82
O. Real family name of "The Kingmaker" (1428-71).	35 73 110 68 24 130 147
P. Fifth book of the Pentateuch.	194 109 66 96 178 18 136 155 126 8 54
Q. A blood feud, esp. in Corsica.	76 97 69 119 182 137 166 185
R. A colorless, tasteless fluid used for secret poisoning, made and used by a Sicilian woman in 17th century (2 wds.).	129 90 188 93 132 174 84 56 33 170
S. A large crucifix in medieval churches at the entrance to the chancel.	5 64 176 95
T. Infused with new life.	141 10 165 85 191 30 123 46 100 169
U. Giant whose army Don Quixote thought he was attacking, instead of real sheep.	107 51 12 121 167 94 150 142 171 83 7
V. Poetic epic-drama in three parts by Thomas Hardy (1904-8; 2 wds.).	11 122 43 26 75 183 189 88 81 148
W. Scene of decisive victory, by Huguenots under Henry IV of France, 1590.	32 3 127 47
X. More eccentric.	6 44 65 92 160
Y. American painter, esp. known for his Breton and New England landscapes (1861-1936).	38 17 181 158 131 21 145 149 105
Z. Pacific islands of which Tahiti is the chief.	175 118 186 79 25 28 128

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

■	■	■	■	■	■	1 D	2 C	3 W	4 I	5 S	6 X	7 U	8 P	9 F	10 T	11 V	■	12 U
13 M	■	14 J	15 K	16 N	17 Y	18 P	■	19 H	20 A	21 Y	■	22 N	23 G	24 O	25 Z	■		
26 V	27 J	28 Z	29 J	30 T	31 F	32 W	33 R	34 N	35 O	36 B	■	37 A	38 Y	39 N	■	40 I		
41 J	42 N	43 V	44 X	45 M	46 T	47 W	■	48 H	49 E	■	50 G	51 U	52 I	53 H	54 P	55 C		
■	56 R	57 G	■	58 E	59 A	60 K	61 G	■	62 I	63 N	64 S	65 X	66 P	67 B	68 O	69 Q		
70 A	■	71 N	72 D	73 O	74 A	75 V	■	76 Q	77 B	78 H	79 Z	80 C	81 V	82 N	■	83 U		
84 R	■	85 T	86 I	87 G	88 V	89 D	90 R	91 A	92 X	■	93 R	94 U	95 S	■	96 P	97 Q		
98 F	99 A	100 T	101 D	102 N	103 K	104 I	105 Y	106 L	■	107 U	108 M	■	109 P	110 O	111 B	112 J		
113 K	■	114 I	115 B	116 L	117 C	118 Z	119 Q	■	120 K	121 U	■	122 V	123 T	124 H	125 F	126 P		
127 W	128 Z	■	129 R	130 O	131 Y	■	132 R	133 B	134 H	■	135 M	136 P	137 Q	138 I	139 L	140 F		
141 T	142 U	143 E	144 C	145 Y	146 A	147 O	148 V	■	149 Y	150 U	■	151 B	152 C	153 H	154 D	155 P		
■	156 G	157 E	158 Y	159 B	160 X	161 L	■	162 L	163 D	164 A	165 T	166 Q	■	167 U	168 G	169 T		
■	170 R	171 U	172 F	■	173 H	174 R	■	175 Z	176 S	177 A	178 P	■	179 E	180 B	181 Y	182 Q		
183 V	184 I	■	185 Q	186 Z	187 C	188 R	189 V	190 I	191 T	192 M	193 L	194 P	■	■	■	■	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 37 of this issue.

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This Christmas Give Two Gifts in One!

Your gift of SRL includes the big January 13th issue, *America and the Mind of Europe* . . . that promises to make publishing history.

There was never a better time for you to share with your friends the pleasure you get from *The Saturday Review* each week. For this Christmas, your gift of SRL brings with it the big bonus issue, *America and the Mind of Europe: Mid-Century,* to be published January 13th.

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- It will assess the cultural recovery that has taken place in Europe since World War II as part of the economic and military recovery achieved with American aid.
- It will dramatize the common stake that Europe and America have in a free world.

Some highlights from *The Saturday Review's* forthcoming issue on

America and the Mind of Europe: Mid-Century

Lewis Galantière, guest editor for this issue, examines what is being written and discussed in Europe today.
Denis De Rougemont assesses the present state of "The Mind of Europe."
Arthur Koestler analyzes "The False Dilemma" troubling the thinking men of Europe.
Robert Lewis Shayon surveys the actual effect of the Voice of America broadcasts in Europe.
Stephen Spender examines the situation of the creative artist in England.
Other authors represented with special contributions in this issue include:

Bennett Cerf, John Mason Brown, Nicolas Nabokoff, James Thrall Soby, Irving Kolodin, Edward Tatnall Canby, Richard Griffith, Goodman Ace, and Horace Sutton.

The widely heralded *America and the Mind of Europe: Mid-Century* issue is just one of the important bonuses in store for recipients of SRL gift subscriptions . . . just one of the reasons why *The Saturday Review* is at the top of so many gift lists this year.

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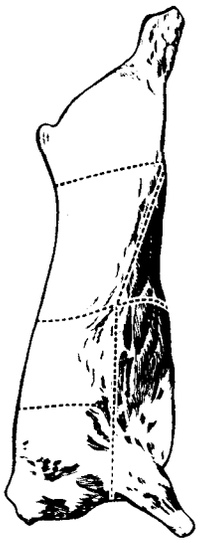
MEAT PRICES . . . *from steer to steak*

Cattle are not all beef . . . Beef is not all steak



	LBS.	PRICE	TOTAL
Porterhouse steak	40	95¢	$38.00
Sirloin steak	50	85¢	42.50
Round steak	80	85¢	68.00
Rib & rump roasts	70	75¢	52.50
Chuck roast	100	55¢	55.00
Hamburger, stew beef	160	50¢	80.00
Fats	40	5¢	2.00
	540	63¢	

1000 lbs. Steer = **600 lbs. Beef** = **540 lbs. Retail Cuts**

at 26¢ per lb. | **at 42½¢ per lb.** | **(including shop fats)**

Packer pays | **Retailer pays** | **Consumer pays**

$260.00 | **$255.00*** | **$338.00**

For livestock raising to be profitable, farmer's return must cover maintenance of breeding stock, feed and labor costs, land use and the grower's time for the three years it takes to produce a good-grade steer.

*Value of by-products, such as hides, fats, hair, animal feeds, fertilizer, etc., typically offsets packers' dressing, handling and selling expenses, so that the beef from a steer normally sells at wholesale for less than the live animal cost.

Retail markup must cover such costs as rent, labor, depreciation on equipment and fixtures, etc., as well as shrinkage in weight of beef carcass when converted into retail cuts. Prices are averaged. In some stores they were lower. In some charge-and-deliver stores or in high-cost areas, they were higher.

Based on market reports of the USDA for good-grade beef steers and good-grade carcass beef, Chicago style cutting, and on average retail prices for good-grade meat, as reported by the U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics, Chicago, during 1949.

A good look at this chart quickly provides answers to a lot of questions people ask about meat. For example, it shows why sirloin steak from a 26¢-per-pound steer may cost 85¢ over the counter, and why a meat packer can sell beef for less than he paid for the animal "on the hoof."

Efficiency in saving by-products as well as meat—and not economic legerdemain—makes this possible. It is one of the big reasons why meat moves from farmer—to packer—to store at a lower service cost than almost any other food.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE

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